

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THE SHAMELESS ISSUE

UTAH'S
GOVERNOR
WANTS TO
HANDLE
YOUR PENIS

LANA RHOADES
BLOWS A GASKET

IDRIS ELBA TALKS
JAMES BOND

KURT BUSCH IN A TAILSPIN

SISTER WIVES MAKE
SINNING HOT

**SALUTING
NOELLE
MONIQUE
BORN ON
THE 4TH
OF JULY**

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JULY/AUGUST 2016

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PUBLISHER

Kelly Holland
General Media Communications, Inc.

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Raphie Aronowitz

CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Angela Derasmo

EDITOR, POLITICS & CULTURE

Steve Faber

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Sean Bruce, Andy Campbell, Dave Carnie,
Matt Gallagher, Gram Ponante

ART DIRECTOR

Gavin Morrison
Paul Cook

CONTRIBUTORS

Gerry Acuna, Todd Francis, Steve Freeth,
Nicholas Gordon, Nathan Harmond, Rebecca
Hendricks, Ben Hoffman, Kate Iselin, Jason
Johnson, Josh Manning, Houdini Merton, Pel NYC,
TommyO, Sue Osbourn, Sam Phillips, Tammy
Sands, Cheryl Tan, Ryan Wittingslow

DIGITAL MEDIA

Don Guarnieri

PRINT PRODUCTION COORDINATOR

Victor Gonzalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

Willett Associates - Philip & John Willett

CUSTOMER SERVICE

Palm Coast Data
PO Box 420525
Palm Coast, FL 32142
penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com
800-289-7368

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

8944 Mason Avenue
Chatsworth, CA 91311
310-280-1900

ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

8944 Mason Avenue
Chatsworth, CA 91311
310-280-1900
licensing@penthouse.com

PUBLISHER

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FROM THE EDITOR

IT'S summer...and I suppose I should write something about the long days and the short skirts. About the beach weather and the lazy afternoons. About day-drinking and summer vacations. Truth is, I really don't care much for summer anymore. Don't get me wrong, I love that we have more daylight, I love the weather, and I love the short skirts...but all of those things make being cooped up in an office that much worse. Summer hasn't been summer since I was in school, and it is positively miserable to look out the window and see the world celebrate a season while I'm stuck at work.

But who really cares about what I think? I can feel any way I want about summer as long as I don't ruin it for the rest of you. And, perhaps in the most obvious of cheesy segues, this got me thinking about the Shameless Issue. We called it the Shameless Issue because (for the most part) it features those who really don't care much about their actions as they relate to our ideals or opinions. This can be a positive in the way that Noelle and Lana strip down in the name of showing us a good time; and this can also be a *negative* in the way that Utah's religion-fueled government is trying to tell us when and how we should use our dicks.

I guess everyone should have the freedom to make his own decisions, be it about summer, clothing (or lack thereof), or how to use his penis. But realize that your beliefs and values are personal. Liberate or limit yourself all you want...just don't fuck me over in the process.

Raphie Aronowitz

WhatTheFuck@Penthouse.com

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Donald Duck comics were once banned in Finland because Donald doesn't wear any pants.

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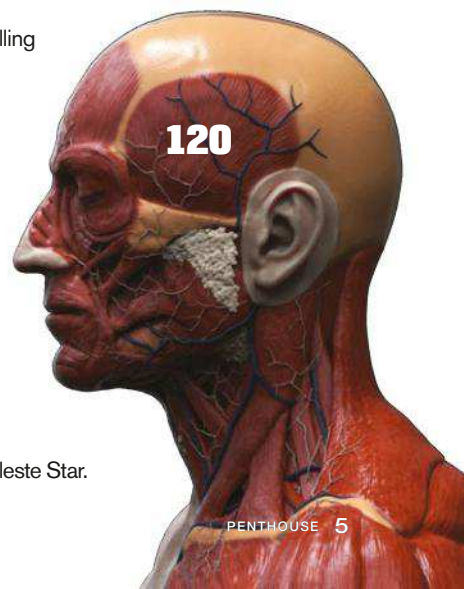
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Paulini, May 2016 Pet of the Month



MAIL DOMINANCE

DON'T FEED THE PETS

So we're in this together, huh? Seems like somebody should have asked the readers/subscribers about making any changes before they are done if we are in this together. Apple vs. the FBI was an OK piece of writing though, but Penthouse has always been about "super-hot" women. Then we get scrawny not hot women like the skinny, flat-chested Pet of the Month Paulini. If I wanted to look at anorexic flat-chested women I would pick up a Victoria's Secret catalog. As you mentioned in the May issue, change is ongoing. I'm sure you will need some time to get things running smoothly and put out the quality product that Penthouse has long been known for. I've respected Penthouse magazine for a very long time and agree that it is worth saving. I will stick around to lend my support in the hopes that Penthouse can once again be a higher standard of hardcore.

—A.C. via email

Ed: Victoria's Secret? You are one of the lucky ones! I had to make do with the Sears Catalog and some back issues of National Geographic. Rough! Fortunately for both of us, Lana Rhoades (the August POTM) has some meat on her bones. Enjoy.

PROBABLY A COMPLIMENT

I just read your Letter From The Editor in the May issue. I believe you're correct that changes are needed. Not just for the survival of Penthouse Magazine, but also for it to thrive and enjoy greater success. My

hope is that, like Guccione knew very well, you know that the readers are all-important in more ways than just their subscriptions.

The reader is Omni-Important.

The reader is NOT holding a copy of Penthouse magazine just to be directed to the web site.

Even the reader who reads the publication and, I'm quoting you here, "wants boners every once in a while," is also smart enough to want more from the images than just prurience. NO ONE wants to feel stupid after jacking their hog to a magazine.

The reader will always relate most to other readers since the reader is not the publisher.

I'd like to say one last thing here because I've already taken up so much of your time. If you want this to be a conversation I'll be happy to hear back from you.

I'm looking forward to the tinkering you're planning to do with what's under the hood.

—Christian Aragon via email

Ed: Um...thank you?

POST HASTE

I just ADDED another year to my subscription. Best that I have seen the magazine in YEARS! I'm glad that it says The International Magazine For Men again. The photos look more natural, the articles are better.

—Wylie Lestat via Facebook

Ed: Thanks, Wylie! We're excited about the new format as well! Plus, our airbrushing guy needed a little R&R.

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AUGUST • 15-17 • 2016

LETTER OF THE MONTH

CHRISTMAS IN APRIL

APRIL and I were college roommates, and although those days are behind us, we still stay in touch. Usually, April would spend Christmas with her boyfriend's family, but they had broken up a few months earlier, so that wasn't happening this year. To distract her during the holiday season, I decided to visit April and stay with her for the holidays—plus, I didn't have any plans of my own and we were due for a girls' night. On Christmas Eve, we stayed in, shared a couple of bottles of wine, and watched a romantic comedy. Our plan was to sleep in the next day and exchange small gifts whenever.

I woke up on Christmas Day to the running shower. April was already awake. I stayed

in bed enjoying the fact that I didn't have anything to do or anyplace to be...until I realized that the shower had been running for quite some time.

I got up and knocked on the bathroom door. The shower stopped and I heard April call, "I'll be out in a sec." She sounded a bit odd, and I wondered if she had been crying.

Thinking that she might need some cheering up, I went back to the guest room and got the gift I had planned to give her later. When I heard her return to her bedroom, I knocked on the door and she let me in.

She was still in her bathrobe, and she looked kind of sad, so I just held out the gift. She opened it and gave a snort of laughter. I'd given her a hot pink dildo, the brightest, most obnoxious one I could find.

"I figured you needed it," I said, and we both started giggling. She moved to give

me a hug and her robe slipped open.

Without thinking, I said "God, your tits are fantastic. Steve was such an idiot to leave you."

"Really?" she said, still laughing a bit. "I've always thought they were too small. See?" She opened the top of her robe, completely exposing her perky rack.

"Are you insane? They're flawless," I said. "Look. A perfect handful." I cupped her breasts, one in each hand, and she gasped as my cold hands touched her warm skin, still wet from the shower.

We stood there for a moment as her nipples pebbled and became hard little nubs. I rolled one between my finger and thumb, feeling its perfect roundness. I leaned forward and licked just the tip of it, and felt a shiver go through her body.

April's hand cupped the back of my head, and she said softly, "Is this happening..."

I stood upright and slid the robe off her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. Drops of water still glistened on her naked body, and I smoothed them away with the palm of my hand. As I ran my hand over her shoulders, down her ribs and across her belly, she reached forward and pulled the hem of my long t-shirt up around my waist.

She stepped forward and pressed her body to mine as she lifted my shirt even higher. First, our thighs touched, then our hips, then our bellies, and finally our breasts met as she lifted my t-shirt over my head.

Her arms came down around me, finally resting on the small of my back. She stepped backwards and led me to her bed.

I felt like a girl possessed. I just had to taste every inch of her delicious body. I started with her breasts. She thought they were small, but they were so right for her petite frame. Her nipples had softened again, and I took one in my mouth, feeling it harden against my tongue.

I raked my teeth lightly down her breast as I let it go, causing April to gasp and grind her hips against me. I nibbled my way down between April's breasts and zig-zagged across her flat belly. She bucked her hips





**I DRAGGED MY FINGER UP
BETWEEN HER SWOLLEN
LIPS AND INTO HER PUSSY.
MY TONGUE TRACED THAT
SAME PATH, TASTING HER
SWEET NECTAR.**

as I licked closer and closer to her pussy. My heart was racing. With one hand on either side I firmly pinned her hips down against the bed, and she begged me to go down on her. Just to tease her a bit, I caressed her upper thighs with my nose and cheeks, savoring the feel of her satiny skin.

"You're fucking killing me," she panted, breaking the silence.

I was so close, that I could smell the sex on April. It was in the fine sheen of sweat on her skin, but mostly it was coming from between her legs. I guess there's a reason they call it a honeypot.

I lay between April's spread legs and inhaled. It was a beautiful scent. I slid my fingers through the hair above her pussy, rubbing ever so slightly against her clit. April lifted her hips against my hand and the pressure pushed her lips open slightly.

As her hips rose I could see a line of moisture snaking down toward her ass. I dragged my finger through it and followed it up between her swollen lips and into her pussy. My tongue traced that same path, tasting her sweet nectar.

She was so wet, and I knew my fingers wouldn't be able to give her the release she needed.

I put the dildo up against her opening and was amazed at how easily it slid up into her. I pressed the entire thing inside her and she started bucking like a madwoman. I moved the dildo in and out of her, trying to focus on her most sensitive spots.

"Holy shit. This feels amazing," April moaned. "I want to taste you."

I didn't argue. I pulled off my soaked panties and moved up so that my wet vagina was over her mouth. I spun around so I could keep working the dildo and experimenting with different tempos and angles and I started grinding on April's face. Goddamn she was good at eating my pussy.

I knew I had hit the right spot when her skilled tongue suddenly became more frantic against my clit. I started thrusting harder and faster with the dildo, jamming it into her relentlessly. She sucked at my flowing juices as I fucked her hard and bucked on her face.

"Oh Jesus, I'm close, so damn close!" she yelled. "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God, oh my God..."

I flicked her clit with the tip of my finger as I continued to fuck her with the dildo. Suddenly she grabbed my hips with both hands and dug in with her fingernails. Her back arched off the bed, pressing her breasts against my belly as her hips rocked strongly upward with every thrust I made.

"Oh fuck!" she screamed. Her whole body seemed to arch off the bed for several seconds as she came forcefully. I pulled the dildo out and let her lick her own juices. Even though I didn't come, the feeling of what I had just accomplished gave me great satisfaction. Plus, I knew that once April had rested, she would return the favor. And she did.

—F.L., Tampa, Florida

CONTINUED ON P.142

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: Penthouse Magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, USA 91311 or email us at Letters@Penthouse.com



B

THE DEBRIEF

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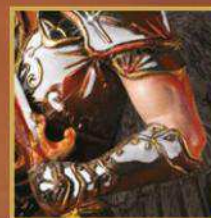
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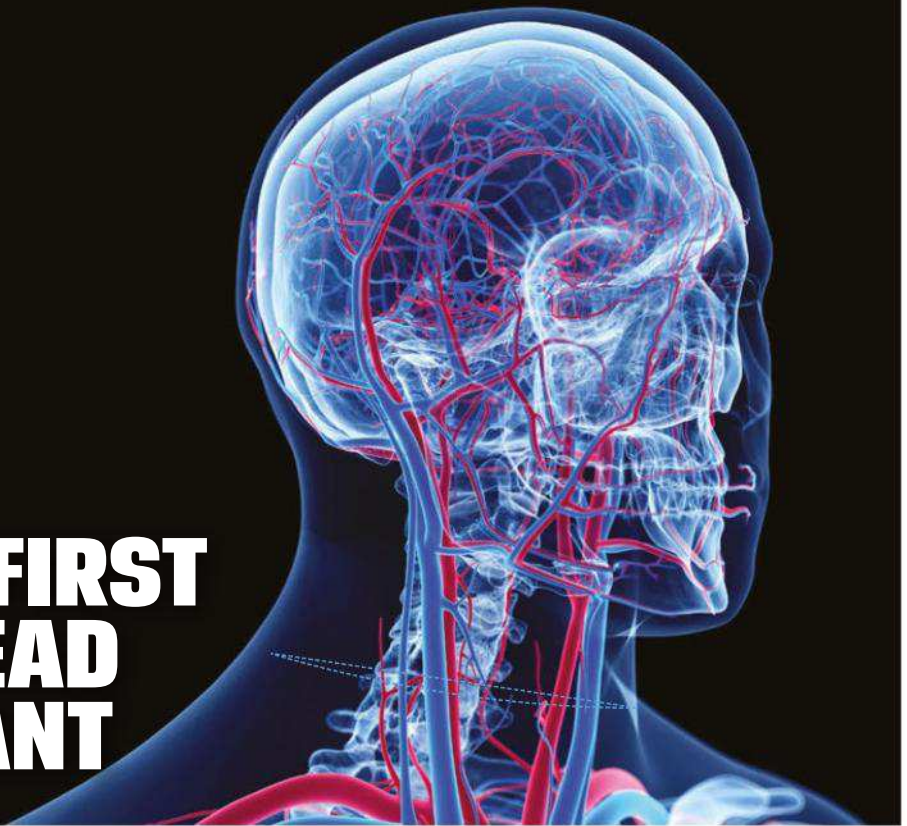
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WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

DOCTOR READY TO PERFORM FIRST HUMAN HEAD TRANSPLANT



NO, his name isn't Victor Frankenstein, and yes, it's real. Doctor Sergio Canavero plans to remove the head of a patient who has volunteered for the surgery, and attach it to a freshly decapitated donor body, *Newsweek* reports.

The procedure, named HEAVEN ("head anastomosis venture") and Gemini (the subsequent spinal cord fusion), will see the Italian neurosurgeon perform the world's first head transplant.

Desperate to cure his condition, known as Werdnig-Hoffman disease, which has left him wheelchair-bound with his body wasting away, Valery Spiridonov, a 31-year-old Russian programmer has volunteered to be the first to undergo the surgery, which, unsurprisingly, has gained a lot of skeptics along the way.

"I am now 30 years old, although people rarely live to more than 20 with this disease," he said last year. "I can hardly control my body now. I need help every day, every minute."

The 36-hour, \$20 million procedure will involve at least 150 people, and sounds like it's straight out of a sci-fi flick.

There are doubters, of course, but Canavero is adamant in his belief that it will work.

The hospital suite where the surgery is scheduled will be packed with virtual reality engineers, doctors, nurses, technicians, and psychologists. Meanwhile, two surgical teams will work simultaneously—one on Spiridonov and the other on the donor's body. Canavero plans to perform the surgery before the end of 2017.

Doctors are then required to chop through both patients' spinal cords (shiver)—with a \$200,000 diamond nanoblade, so small that the blades are measured in angstroms. They then have an hour to reattach Spiridonov's head (now nearly frozen), to the donor's body, where blood flow will continue and surgeons will sew the arteries and veins to Spiridonov's new body.

Michael Sarr, editor of the journal *Surgery*, who is a surgeon at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, said, "If the so-called head transplant works, this is going to open up a whole new science of spinal cord trauma reconstruction."



SELFIE GONE WRONG DESTROYS 126-YEAR-OLD STATUE

ONE man's attempt to take a selfie with a 126-year-old statue has gone terribly wrong after the work of art crashed to the ground and shattered, *Reuters* reports.

Police did not identify the man who accidentally toppled the statue of Dom Sebastio after climbing to the base of it to take a selfie.

The man tried to flee the scene but was apprehended by police. Sebastio was the penultimate Portuguese monarch of the House of Aviz who, crowned at the age of three, ruled between 1557 and 1578 and died at the age of 24 in battle during a crusade.

SCHOOLBOY ELECTROCUTED AFTER BUS DRIVER TELLS HIM TO MOVE LIVE WIRE

A live wire electrocuted an 11-year-old middle school boy after the student got out of the bus and checked it at the request of his bus driver, police said in a criminal complaint.

The driver, Patricia Ryan, 60, of Penn Township, PA, is charged with "endangering the welfare of a child and recklessly endangering another person."

A goose had hit the wires earlier in the day, causing them to fall onto the road. After approaching the fallen wires, the bus driver said, "You know what, can one of you get out and move that wire?" West Penn Power had been called earlier in the day to remove the wires; however the driver thought it would be a better idea to get a middle school student to do it.

Thankfully, he lived to tell the tale. "It shocked me. It got me like right there, on the thumb," Tyler Cunningham told local media.

The interior bus video shows the vehicle at an intersection, with five students on board.

"The driver can be heard speaking on the bus radio, advising that power transformers had blown and wires were down on the roadway. Bus Radio Dispatch can be heard advising the bus driver to take Walnut Street to avoid the downed power lines. The bus can then be seen proceeding past Walnut Street and becoming entangled in the power lines," according to the criminal complaint.



HOW (NOT) TO GET AWAY WITH ROBBERY

DON'T leave the scene of the crime and jump a fence into the White House.

One man has been detained, and the White House briefly locked down, after the man, fleeing a robbery, jumped a fence and found himself inside the pleasant back yard of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

His pursuit was brief, as the Secret Service detained the Obamas' unexpected guest. A Secret Service spokesman clarified that the man was not trying to break into the White House.

The White House is one of the most secure locations on earth, and a team of canine and armed Secret Service agents responded to locate the man as the White House was put on lockdown and the area cleared. People working in the White House were kept inside by automatically locking doors. The president was on the premises at the time.

THE CREATOR OF BITCOIN REVEALED

THE identity of the creator of Bitcoin has been one of the biggest mysteries of the tech industry in recent years, writes the BBC.

Australian entrepreneur Craig Wright has publicly declared that he is the creator of the "cryptocurrency." The announcement comes after years of speculation and debate. Until now, the inventor of Bitcoin was known only by the equally mysterious pseudonym Satoshi Nakamoto.

Wright, an Australian computer scientist and businessperson, has backed up his claim with technical evidence, providing keys tied to coins that are known only to be in the possession of Bitcoin's inventor.

In a blog post, Wright thanked those who had helped him get the project off the ground. "I have been staring at my screen for hours, but I cannot summon the words to express the depth of my gratitude to those that have supported the Bitcoin project from its inception."

Bitcoin is a digitally encrypted currency used by websites to facilitate payments. The currency allows anyone to trade funds independently and anonymously online. Some companies that take Bitcoin—like Microsoft and Steam—are entirely legitimate. Other services, such as the infamous Silk Road, allowed drug dealers and other criminals to sell online while hiding their identities.



MAN FIGHTS OFF ROBBERS WITH FLAMETHROWER... AND LOSES

AN Australian shop owner has tried to fight off two armed robbers with an improvised flamethrower. The man successfully startled the intruders in a brazen display of courage and quick thinking.

According to a Nine News report, after entering the store with their weapons drawn, the would-be robbers were thwarted by the shopowner, who grabbed a can of bug spray and a lighter, creating a makeshift flamethrower, and aimed the flames in the criminals' direction.

It worked, at least momentarily, as both men were visibly shocked, with one man stumbling back and dropping his weapon. Unfortunately for the shopowner, the two robbers quickly recovered, drew their guns, and demanded he give them money from the till.

They made off with \$680. This isn't the first time the shop owner has stood up against thieves, having previously chased down an armed robber, which helped police to make an arrest.

TOMMY HILFIGER'S DAUGHTER SERVED HIM A SILVER TRAY OF HER POOP

IF people aren't listening, just poop on a plate and that will probably get their attention, as clothing designer Tommy Hilfiger's daughter has shown in an exclusive interview with HollywoodLife.

Chronicling her painful struggle with Lyme Disease in her new book, "Bite Me," Ally Hilfiger describes the time her father forced her into Silver Hill Hospital's psychiatric acute care unit after she suffered a nervous breakdown.

After being misdiagnosed for 14 years, Ally writes that her father flew home after she called him asking for help. Apparently he didn't believe her. She writes, "I was still very angry with him. I kept telling him that I was sick... He wasn't getting the message. I got out of bed, grabbed a silver tray off a table, went into the bathroom, defecated on it, and handed it to him. 'You gotta get this tested'."

Needless to say, that got his attention. Ally was hospitalized and correctly diagnosed with Lyme disease, an illness caused by a bite from a tick infected with the germ called *Borrelia burgdorferi*. Lyme Disease, a bacterial infection that causes flu-like symptoms, affects as many as 30,000 people per year. It was named after the Connecticut town in which it was discovered."

A Royal Count and the King of Prussia walk into a...

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In the 16th century a German Count created a special handle for walking sticks to ease joint discomfort. This handle style was a favorite of Friedrich II who was never seen without his dewdrop-shaped walking stick as he went about his Kingly duties. It was no wonder that the handle grew to bear the King's moniker "Fritzkrücke"—shortened to "Fritz."

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— Robert Coates Holliday,
Walking-Stick Papers

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WE'RE GOING TO MARS

ELON Musk's own private NASA, SpaceX, is planning to colonize Mars, The Verge reports.

Musk's Red Planet aspirations have been public knowledge for years, but we didn't expect a blueprint to come so soon. Thanks to a tweet, we now know SpaceX's plans. "Planning to send Dragon to Mars as soon as 2018," the California company stated. "Red Dragons will inform overall Mars architecture, details to come."

The Red Dragons that they're talking about are upgraded versions of the Dragon rocket that is currently in operation. SpaceX have been testing them, and have successfully landed multiple rockets on boats, in the ocean, in the dark.

These rockets were brought from the edge of space, where they were travelling nearly six times the speed of

sound, to touch down to a stationary platform floating off the coast of Florida, several hundred miles out to sea. Impressive.

The technology SpaceX is testing will allow the spacecraft to touch down softly onto Mars using thrusters—a so-called propulsive landing—rather than parachutes.

"Dragon 2 is designed to be able to land anywhere in the solar system," Musk tweeted after the SpaceX announcement. "Red Dragon Mars mission is the first test flight."

Musk made his mission clear in an interview last year when he stated, "Humans need to be a multiplanet species." While details of the actual mission profile are yet to be released, SpaceX and Musk are very serious about nurturing a spacefaring civilization.



140 MILLION MILES



AT THEIR FARTHEST APART, MARS AND EARTH CAN BE 249 MILLION MILES FROM EACH OTHER WHEN THEY ARE IN OPPOSITION AND BOTH ARE AT APHELION, A CELESTIAL BODY'S GREATEST DISTANCE FROM THE SUN. THE AVERAGE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE TWO IS 140 MILLION MILES. MARS AND EARTH REACH THIS CLOSEST POINT TO ONE ANOTHER APPROXIMATELY EVERY TWO YEARS.

WOMAN FILES FOR DIVORCE BECAUSE HER HUSBAND'S PENIS IS TOO BIG

A Nigerian woman filed for divorce after finding out that her new husband's manhood was just too big to handle.

Aisha Dannupawa, a mother of three, was recently married to husband Ali Maizinara. She shortly thereafter asked to have the marriage dissolved due to his large member.

As per tradition, Dannupawa moved into her new husband's family home ahead of the marriage; however the honeymoon period didn't last long. After an attempt at their first lovemaking session, Dannupawa said her husband's penis was so big that the experience was traumatic.

Ever a trooper, she took medication from her mother—some form of relaxant, to help with the pain—but it didn't. She was told to relax, go with it, and over time, it would... fit.

"I told my mother the experience but she told me to endure and that with time, I will be able to cope. She then gave me some drugs," she said to Nigerian media.

But alas, the sex was too much to bear, and the couple concluded that no drug could save their sex life or marriage. In court, her husband unsurprisingly did not deny that his member was too big, and agreed to dissolve the marriage if his dowry and money spent during courtship were paid back.

"When he came, we had sex but the experience was a nightmare. Instead of enjoying the sex, it turned out to be something else, because his penis was too big," she told the court, according to Nigeria's Tribune.

More proof that married life isn't the easy life.



A GOOD STORY SCIENTIFICALLY PROVEN TO GET YOU MORE PUSSY

A study has revealed that men who can spin a good yarn are perceived by their female counterparts as being more attractive, and of higher status.

The article, published recently in the journal *Personal Relationships*, suggests that people portrayed as strong storytellers are regarded as more appealing than those with poor storytelling ability.

The experiment was tested on 388 people, 55 percent of whom were women. It asked participants to rate the attractiveness of a potential partner based on a short biography, an image, and information on their storytelling abilities.

Both male and female participants considered storytellers to be better catches than non-storytellers.

The study suggests that the results can be related to evolutionary theory. Females, seeking a strong mate, have evolved to seek partners with resources and storytelling reflects advantages that prehistorically meant the difference between life and death.

While these days the ability to unfold an engaging narrative might not have such profound consequences, it might be worth brushing up on your storytelling skills.

SHOPKEEPER KILLED DOZENS WITH "REVENGE" SWEETS

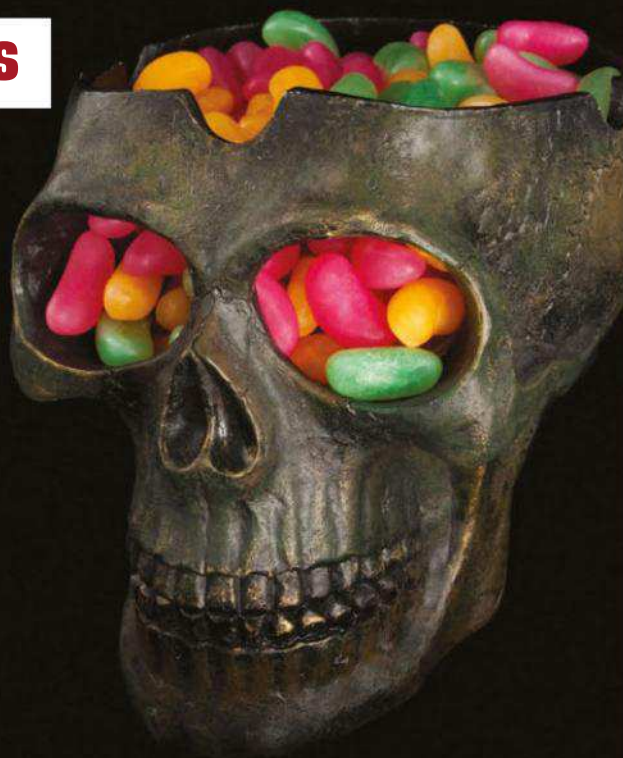
REVENGE is a dish best served sweet, or so one Pakistani man would have you believe. The shopowner confessed to poisoning at least 30 people by lacing his goods with pesticide in an attempt to take revenge on his older brother, CNN reports.

Killing strangers to get revenge on your older brother. Wait, what?

The man wanted to get revenge on his brother for "insulting and abusing" him in a business dispute. "I wanted to teach him a lesson," he told police. He was so angry after the argument that he decided to mix pesticide into the sweets.

A local man bought the poisoned batch of sweets, then gave them to his family and friends who were celebrating the birth of his grandson.

The baby's father, six of his uncles, and one aunt were among the nearly-30 killed at the time of publication. The dead also included five children. Four victims are still hospitalized. We're still not exactly sure what lesson this crazy fuck wanted to teach his brother.








GET THE PICTURE

WHAT started in the 60's as simple fly-overs, Antarctic tourism today sees more than 40,000 adventurers visit the mysterious continent each southern summer. While Antarctic winter is still the high-water mark for endurance adventure, summer presents an opportunity for the mere mortals of our species to get a very real glimpse of the beauty and danger waiting due south.

After leaving the comfort and cognac of their cruise ship, this group made shore and transitioned to cross-country skis. A single rope line won't stop you falling into a crevasse but it's rather handy when pulling you out. More isolated than you'll ever feel, strapped to a bunch of strangers and with a storm brewing ahead, Antarctica is a south-of-EVERY-border adventure. 

Credit: Hugo Sharp / hugosharp.com

A full-page portrait of actress Margaret Qualley. She is wearing a bright yellow, textured, halter-neck dress with a matching belt. She has long, wavy brown hair and is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is dark and out of focus.

CRUSH

MARGARET QUALLEY

Best known for her role as Jill Garvey on HBO's "The Leftovers" (and daughter of model/actress Andie MacDowell), Margaret Qualley is destined for big things.

After dancing most of her life, Qualley's childhood dream of becoming a professional ballerina ended when she decided that she just didn't want to do it anymore. Instead, the then-15-year-old moved to New York City and attended the Professional Children's School, which counts among its alumnae Scarlett Johansson and Sarah Jessica Parker.

During an improv class, she fell in love with acting, and after one eventful trip to L.A., where she was scouted on set after visiting a friend, she was quickly cast in "The Leftovers."

She didn't stop there—Qualley landed her biggest role yet in this year's "The Nice Guys" alongside Hollywood heavyweights Ryan Gosling, Kim Basinger, and Russell Crowe.

The future looks bright for Qualley who, among other things, is drop-dead gorgeous, in case you didn't notice. And that is why she just needed to be this month's Penthouse Crush.

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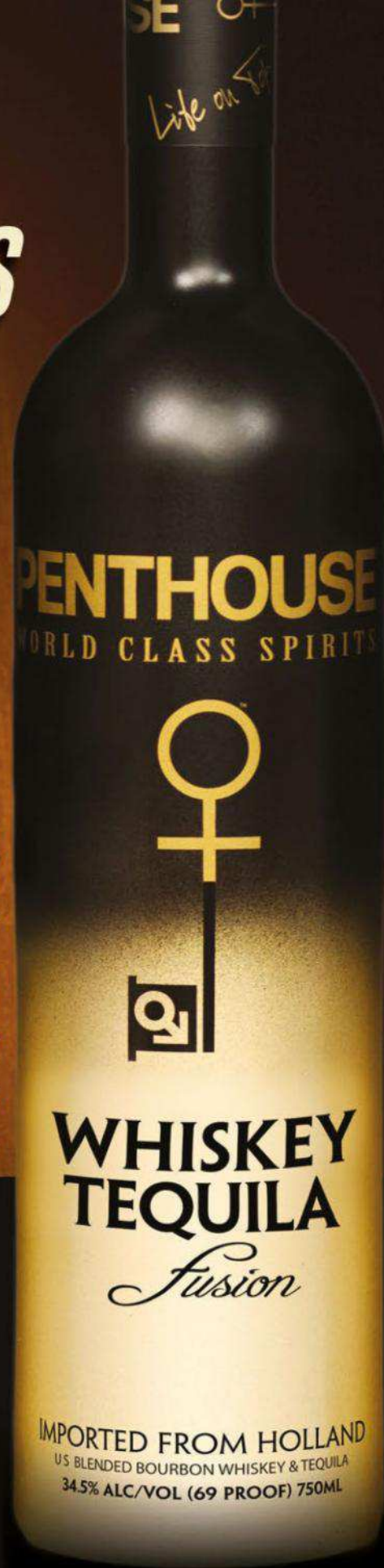
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ROCK SOLID

THE WWE star-turned-Hollywood actor is cooking up something big this summer.

The way we see it, running around on a beach all day, soaking up the sunshine, shirt off, and surrounded by Baywatch babes is a day very well spent.

It doesn't need justification when it comes down to it—it's pretty much what every man has dreamed of at some point in his life. And Dwayne Johnson is living that lifestyle.


Johnson, better known by his ring name The Rock, is often cited as the most successful WWE superstar ever. Vince Russo, the head writer during WWE's breakout era, stated, "I don't think there's ever going to be a star in the history of this business that is bigger than The Rock." He isn't wrong.

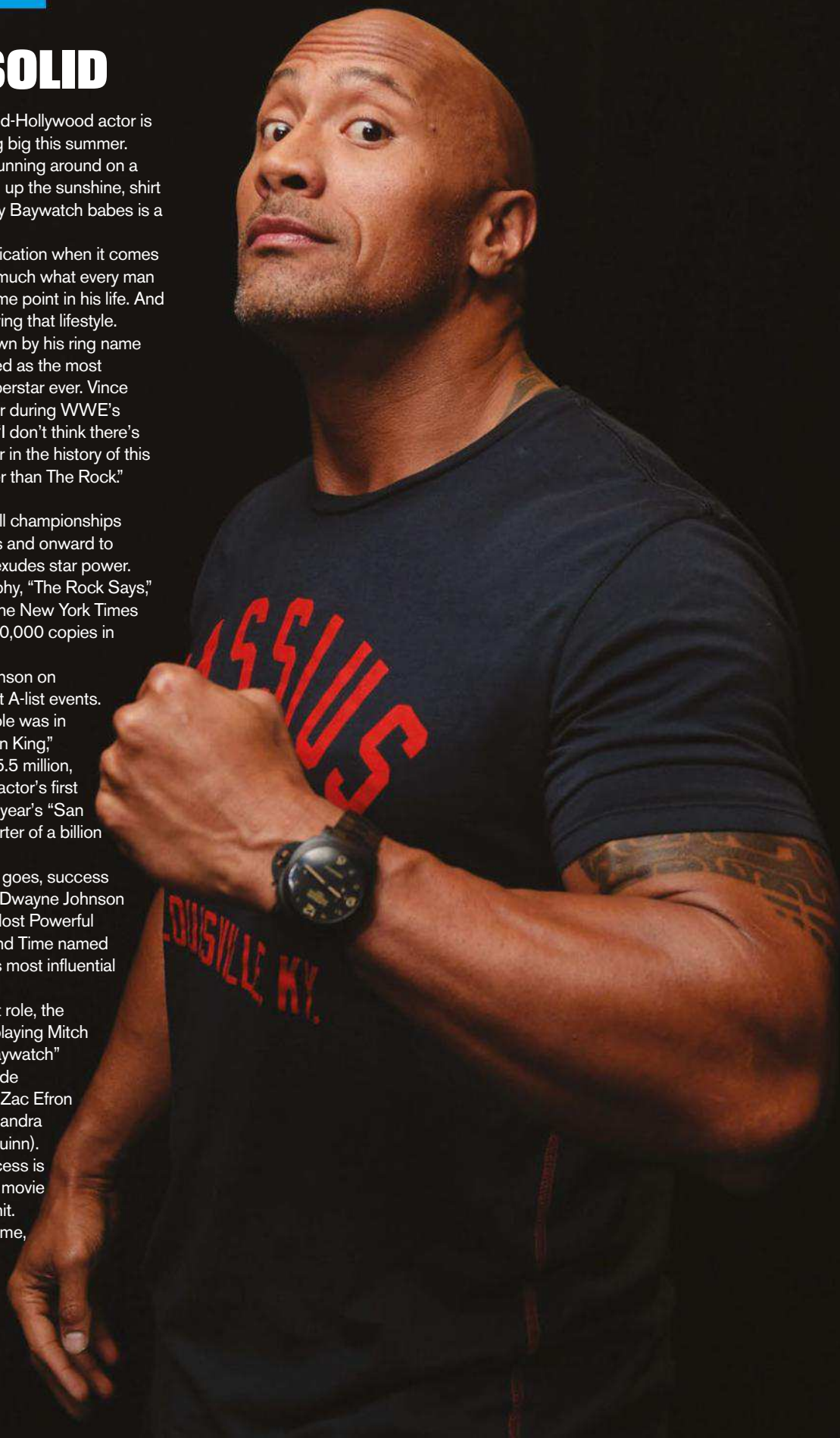
From college football championships to wrestling greatness and onward to Hollywood, Johnson exudes star power. His 2000 autobiography, "The Rock Says," debuted at No. 1 on the New York Times bestseller list, sold 720,000 copies in hardcover alone.

Today you'll find Johnson on Hollywood sets and at A-list events. His first leading film role was in 2002 in "The Scorpion King," where he was paid \$5.5 million, a world record for an actor's first starring role. And last year's "San Andreas" made a quarter of a billion dollars worldwide.

Wherever The Rock goes, success follows. Forbes listed Dwayne Johnson #25 in the Top 100 Most Powerful Celebrities in 2013 and Time named him one of the world's most influential people in 2016.

And now for his next role, the "Ballers" star will be playing Mitch Buchannon in the "Baywatch" movie (2017), alongside Hollywood pretty boy Zac Efron (Matt Brody) and Alexandra Daddario (Summer Quinn). If Johnson's past success is anything to go by, the movie is going to be a total hit.

Finally, after all this time, we know what that smell is. The Rock is cooking! 



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"Nothing says 'classic
complication' more than
a moon phase display..."

— Rare Luxury Finds, Forbes

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We've brought you the Moon for **under \$90! Plus, FREE sunglasses!**

Long before Neil Armstrong took that one small step for man, our Moon has played a giant role in the history of mankind. From the ebb and flow of tides to crop harvests and maritime navigation to Old Blue Eyes crooning about romantic moments stolen in its glow, we've looked to Moon for matters of the head and the heart. It's no wonder watchmakers have dedicated their lives to perfecting a way to keep track of our lovely Luna.

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A collector's dream. The moon phase complication is like a miniature version of the gear train that is our universe. Adding this beautiful complex function is no easy feat. That's why they're among the rarest and most expensive vintage watches ever sold at auction. Not long ago, an important moon phase timepieces fetched an incredible \$5.7 million!

We go to the moon and back for our clients. We've been in the watch industry for decades and know more than a thing or two about getting the ultimate bang for our buck—which means we can pass the fruits of our know-how onto our clients. We've created a timepiece that's light

*"This is the classiest watch I own!
I have gotten many compliments on
the style and the way it wears."*

— Ed from Cape Coral, FL

years ahead of the competition. The experts tend to agree: *"I recently reviewed the movement and individual parts of the Stauer Moon Phase timepiece. The assembly and the precision of the moon phase movement are rarely seen."* — George Thomas, Renowned Watch Historian

The **Moon Phase Watch** is an exquisite example of vintage style, boasting three different complications set in a striking guilloché face. A rose gold-finished case and a crocodile-embossed, genuine brown leather strap match artistry with durability.

Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. If you are not convinced you got luxury for less, simply return the **Moon Phase Watch** within 60 days for a full refund of the item sale price. You can even keep the sunglasses for your trouble. But we have a feeling you're going to be over the moon about this timepiece. This kind of watch (and deal) only comes around once in a blue moon. So take a historical step and call us today!

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FILM

THE PERILS OF HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD has a dark side, and we're not talking about film noir or "Batman." While no one disputes Tinseltown's contribution to narrative, spectacle, and technical wizardry, there is concern that L.A.'s winning formula might crowd out the diversity any medium needs to thrive.


Hollywood's global reign over cinema exists because major studios have a worldwide stranglehold on production and distribution. In the United Kingdom for example, U.S. film studios control roughly 70% of the distribution, although most cinemas are British-owned. American ownership cripples the small corner of Australia's

Hollywood makes for a sad state of affairs worldwide, given that there are so many exciting foreign and independent films released every year that aren't reaching the mass public. This year we'll witness "Independence Day: Resurgence," "Jack Reacher: Never Go Back," "Resident Evil: The Final Chapter," and the new Jason Bourne movie—a true testament that we are in the era of endless sequels and that Hollywood is either running short of ideas or is unwilling to take a chance on new ones. If we don't pay more attention to the economic arrangements that allow Hollywood cinema to thrive, fresh voices of independent,

HOLLYWOOD'S GLOBAL REIGN OVER CINEMA EXISTS BECAUSE MAJOR STUDIOS HAVE A WORLDWIDE STRANGLEHOLD ON PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION.

industry, where the main outlets of domestic, independent films (comprising 10% of the market share) struggle to compete with their international counterparts. Likewise in Canada, where the major Hollywood studios take home at least 80% of the box office revenue. If Hollywood didn't pull the strings and seek to eliminate an inspired trend of independent film, we'd see a culture of national cinemas with a wider presence.

The cultural and economic empire of

emerging filmmakers (within the United States and elsewhere) who take risks and could potentially redefine our expectations in the cinema will remain unheard. Instead, we'll have to be satisfied with more lazy efforts from Hollywood's reign. But even in the way Hollywood rules the multiplexes, we still have access to low budget, arty, indie fare thanks to services like Netflix, Hulu, YouTube and others. And after all, nobody's forcing us to watch the fifth installment of "Pirates of the Caribbean." 

PENTHOUSE PICKS

BATMAN: THE KILLING JOKE

For any fan of the DC animated universe, the true voice of Batman—Kevin Conroy—and the Joker—Mark Hamill—reprise their iconic roles in the delivery of "Batman: The Killing Joke." Alan Moore's titular comic book telling of the origin story of the Joker is brought to life in macabre, hair-raising fashion.



WARCRAFT: THE BEGINNING

As an unexpected venture into game meets cinema, the strategy of warfare will be played out between orcs and humans that should satisfy the appetites for fantasy in both "Warcraft" veterans and newcomers alike.

MUSIC

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ROCK RIDERS

THERE was a time when being a star meant getting away with anything. Trashing hotel rooms, tour bus parties, orgies, you name it—it was all in a night's work. While things have certainly cooled down to a degree, it was these same rock and roll stars with a penchant for extreme partying who began making insane rider requests.

Riders are the clauses in contracts that specify what, in addition to payment, a venue must provide a performer.

The following are some riders from people we know that range from classy to hedonistic to WTF.

THE BEATLES

When John, Paul, George, and Ringo were touring America at the peak of Beatlemania, the arena rock show was in its infancy. Their rider for Balboa Stadium in San Diego on 28 August 1965 is a polite list of tips to make the venue at least vaguely suitable.

For crowd control, "Not less than 150 uniformed officers" with a "strong fence or barrier...to prevent any of the audience from climbing over."

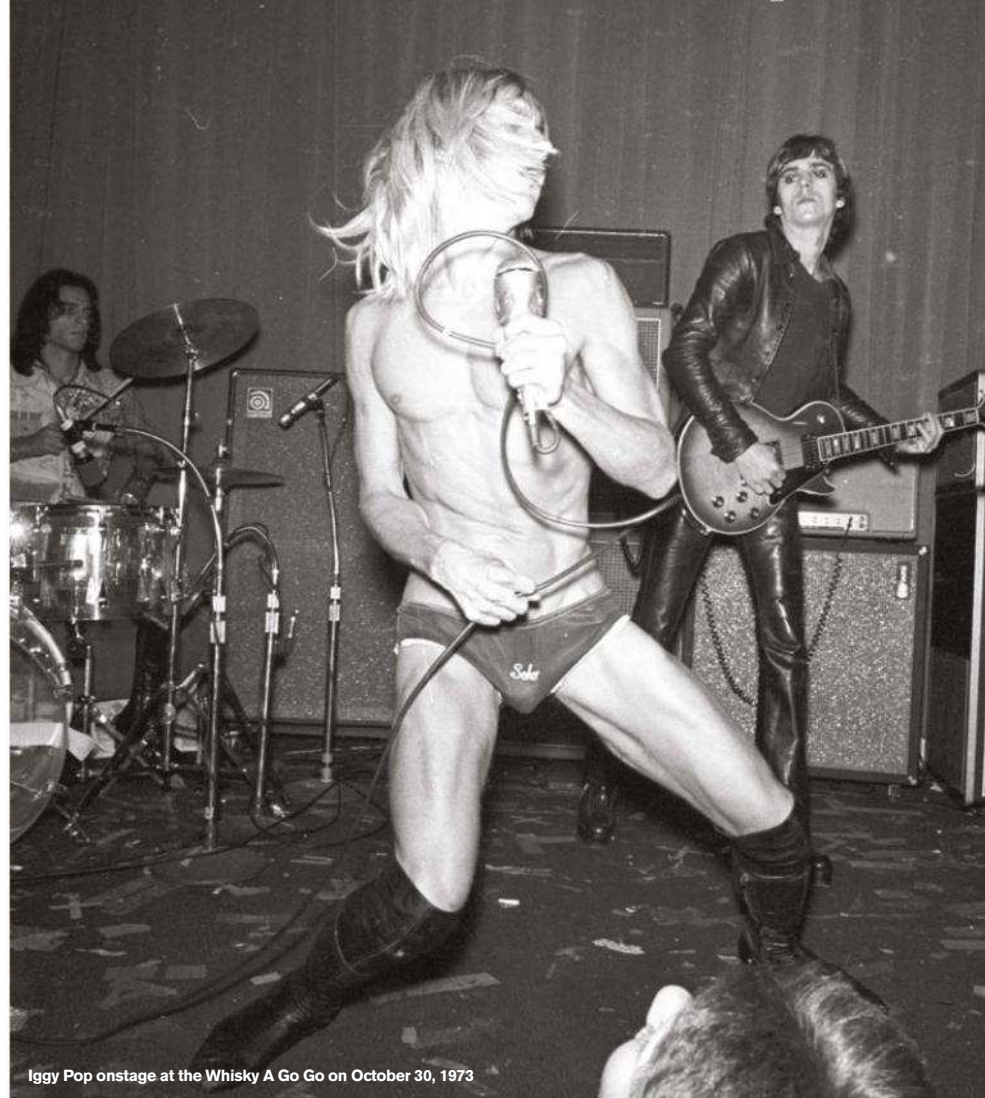
Sound and spectacle, "A platform for Ringo Starr and his drums" and a high-fidelity sound system equipped with a "first class sound engineer." Plus a dressing room with "four cots, mirrors, an ice cooler, portable TV set and clean towels."

Most famously, "Artists will not be required to perform before a segregated audience." An honorable stance for the group during the civil rights movement.

THE ROLLING STONES

The Stones have been on the scene since Jimi Hendrix was backing Little Richard, and their riders have long entailed heroic stores of booze and cigarettes. These basics are still in place, but habits evolve.

Since the '90s they've asked for a



Iggy Pop onstage at the Whisky A Go Go on October 30, 1973

separate room with a snooker table in the backstage. Mick Jagger has a TV to watch cricket and all four members have their own rooms with differing flower arrangements. These days, they also require a detailed description explaining how to navigate the electronics in their hotel rooms.

IGGY POP AND THE STOOGES

The godfather of punk is famous for what could be the funniest rider in the history of the business. It's an 18-page stream of consciousness manifesto that should be sold in bookstores. His demands include "Somebody dressed as Bob Hope, doing fantastic Bob Hope impersonations and telling all those hilarious Bob Hope jokes about golf and Hollywood and Bing Crosby." Also "A copy of USA Today that's got a story about morbidly obese people in it. Most amusing!"


The sound outline is gold. "About Iggy's vocal—we need lots. The best thing is, make it strong and punchy, a bit like a boxing kangaroo. Then turn it up. When you think you have turned it up enough, turn it up some more."

KATY PERRY

We might have focused on Madonna's royal demands for a brand new toilet seat, 20 international phone lines, and empty backstage rooms so her home furniture can travel with her.

But Super Bowl trainwreck Katy Perry's rider is irresistibly sociopathic and insane. First, 23 instructions for the chauffeur. "The driver will not start a conversation w/ the client." "Do not stair (sic) at the backseat through the rearview mirror." "The driver will never assume, always ask if in doubt." It goes on a while.

Perry requires a one bedroom presidential suite in a 5-star hotel, with five junior suites and 45 single rooms. The main dressing room (one of four) is to be "draped in cream or soft pink," with cream-colored egg chairs and "White and purple hydrangeas, pink & white roses and peonies."

Craziest of all and a major dick move, the promoter must hold back tickets (location and amount at her order) so that Perry can scalp them for inflated prices to her fans once the show is sold out. 



TECH

FOLLOW US, DRONES!

I / Hover Drone gethover.com

It was only a matter of time before the “follow me” feature was utilized on consumer drones—and the Hover Drone does just that. The safe and foldable camera that follows you wherever you go was created by Beijing startup Zero Robotics, and is ideal for aerial photography and videography; think snowboarding trips, kayaking, cycling, and more. What makes this drone unique is the propellers, which are fully enclosed in a carbon fiber frame, making it safe to use in almost any situation. The Hover Drone shoots 13-megapixel photos and 4k video using its unobtrusive camera.

II / Cube Mobile Projector rif6.com

With The Cube, tech is getting smaller while the output is getting bigger. This tiny 2” box is a mobile projector that allows you to display a 120” image onto your wall, tent, garage, or wherever there is a flat, solid-colored surface, all from your iPhone, laptop, tablet, or gaming console. It’s small enough to fit in your pocket, and light enough to carry anywhere, so that you’ll never be without a portable home theater. Take it to meetings, gaming sessions, or just set it up in your room and you’ve got yourself a home theater.

III / GoPro Omni Camera gopro.com

The GoPro Omni is a spherical rig which can accommodate half a dozen GoPro Hero4 Black cameras synchronized to act as one, letting you capture “high-resolution, stunning 360-degree videos. It will be used mainly to create VR content. While the price is yet to be announced, each Hero4 Black camera is worth about \$300, so the full kit might cost upward of \$2,000.

IV / Tilt Brush tiltbrush.com

The Tilt Brush, Google’s latest invention, pops out like the love child of Hunter S. Thompson and Salvador Dali. Think Microsoft Paint but for the year 2020. The Tilt Brush lets you paint in 3D space in virtual reality. With the world as your canvas, and limited only by your imagination, the possibilities are endless. Paint life-size, 3-dimensional brush strokes, stars, light, and even fire—all you need is an HTC Vive and Steam and you’re ready to go.

V / Analogue Nt 24k Gold Edition analogue.co

To celebrate the 30th anniversary of the “Legend of Zelda,” Analogue is releasing limited edition 24k gold-plated analogue NTs. The run is limited to just ten units, making this version of the NES clone incredibly rare. It even comes with an original, gold-colored “Legend of Zelda” cartridge, a nod to Nintendo’s history which original “Zelda” gamers will love. The unit can also be used to play any classic NES or Famicom games you still have kicking around.





Dishonored 2

TRY OUT THESE INDIE GAMES!

WITNESS - PS4

A puzzle adventure game that challenges the player to intuitively solve progressively difficult puzzles as they take you through varying scenarios. If you enjoy tricky puzzles, ideas, concepts, and symbols, give this game a look.

STARDEW VALLEY - PC

You've inherited your grandfather's old farm plot in Stardew Valley. Armed with hand-me-down tools and a few coins, you've set out to begin your new life. Fans of Harvest Moon, this is for you.

GAMING

WHAT'S ALL THE HYPE ABOUT?

WE get on board the hype train and take a look at some of the biggest releases in 2016. With large-scale, epic multiplayer battles, supernatural assassins, and infinite open space exploration, 2016 is shaping up as a massive year for gaming.

» Dishonored 2

Hailed by many as one of the greatest games ever, Dishonored took the stealth-action genre to new heights. Announced at E3 2015, the immersive, open-world stealth action game published by Bethesda (Fallout, Doom, Wolfenstein) sets off where the original left us. In Dishonored 2 you'll play a supernatural assassin driven by revenge. Eliminate your targets creatively as you combine supernatural abilities, weapons, and unusual gadgets at your disposal.

Release: November 11 (PS4/PC/Xbox One)

» No Man's Sky

No Man's Sky has been one of the most talked about games of 2016. The sci-fi indie will take you on an infinite procedurally-generated journey through the universe and beyond. The premise is simple: explore the mysterious universe with the Horizon Omega ship, equipped with an upgraded hyperdrive and firepower to help you survive longer on your interstellar journey. If you're a fan of open space and exploration, this game is for you.

Release: June (PS4/PC)



RIME - PS4

Rime is a beautiful open-world, third person adventure and puzzle game to be released later this year. It tells the story of a boy who must use his wits and ingenuity to survive and ultimately escape from a mysterious island with a terrible curse.

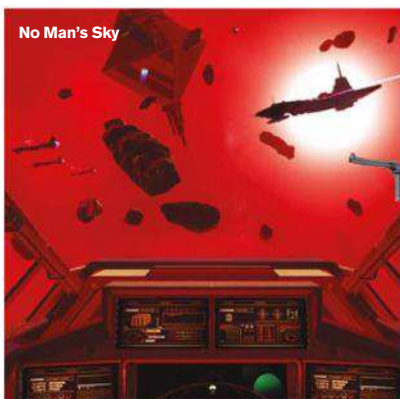


BATTLE ON LAND, IN THE AIR, AND AT SEA IN SOME OF THE LARGEST AND MOST DYNAMIC BATTLES IN FPS HISTORY.

» Battlefield 1

The trailer has finally dropped for one of the most highly anticipated game releases of recent years. Set in World War 1, Battlefield 1 takes you into the trenches, complete with bayonets, flamethrowers, tanks, and biplanes. With both a multiplayer mode (up to 64) and a single-player campaign, combatants travel to the battlegrounds of France, Italy, and Arabia. Prepare to battle on land, in the air, and in the sea in what will be some of the largest and most dynamic battles in FPS history.

Release: October 21 (PS4/PC/Xbox One)



KURT BUSCH

WILD BEHIND THE WHEEL, CAN THE NASCAR CHAMP
PULL HIS REPUTATION OUT OF A TAILSPIN?

KURT BUSCH is a wild dude. The exact kind of crazy you'd expect from a NASCAR Sprint Cup champion.

Born in Nevada, Kurt was raised in racing alongside his brother and 2015 Sprint Cup champion Kyle Busch. Their father Tom was also a NASCAR driver.

Busch has long been a divisive, often unpopular character in the sport. In fact, so has his brother Kyle. Since winning the 2004 title as a young driver, Kurt has struggled to overcome the fallout from a string of angry outbursts at fellow racers and the media.

Suspended at the start of the 2015 season due to a domestic violence charge brought by his former girlfriend, NASCAR reinstated Busch after three weeks when a judge refused to press charges due to a lack in evidence.

It's a tough cycle to break. Feeling hounded by the press and hated by fans. A high-pressure sport determined by split-second margins, aggression on a hairtrigger. When best-laid plans are smashed into a wall or blown out like a tire, someone sticks a camera into your face and you're primed to explode.

Busch's reputation for borderline driving increased in spectacular style when he set off a 17-car wreck on May 1 this year in the Geico 500 at Talladega Superspeedway. Working his way through the pack, he tapped Jimmie Johnson's back bumper, sending him into the wall and spinning back to wipe out most of the trailing cars.

Several vehicles caught on fire and the track was a mess, but Busch managed to slip through to stay with the 13 surviving cars. "I didn't feel like I hit him all that much and the next thing I know he was sideways," said Kurt afterwards.

Jimmie Johnson felt differently. "He was bump-drafting me and caused that wreck

and just kept hitting me and finally ended up taking me out in the process. That was aggressive there."

Talladega Superspeedway is infamous for huge wrecks. It's a fast track with long straightaways that have seen many crashes. Cars left scraping along the road upside down. Flipping up into the air. All in glorious slow-motion and in eye-popping HD.

As driver Joey Lagano said after the race, "I can't wait to get out of this place." Usually at Talladega, racers will drive conservatively to stay in for the final lap. On May 1, that balance was shaken by the specter of rain. That meant everyone on the track was in a constant battle for in-race position in case the event was called.


The extra pressure may have contributed to Busch tapping Johnson a little too much. The race saw 35 out of 40 cars involved in some form of crash. Unfortunately for Kurt, his lapse in patience wrecked 17 cars and has his name back in the headlines for the wrong reasons. Jackass. 



PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / JARED C. TILTON



THE FABRIC WARS: US VS. THEM

In the 1970's *Penthouse Magazine* did the unthinkable: we began to show pubic hair in our photos, which was a significant breakthrough. Ever the opportunist, our pal Hugh Hefner jumped on the Beaver Bandwagon, and the Pubic Wars became part of our collective history. Recently, *Playboy* has wildly swerved in a different direction (off a cliff?), and we kinda miss our old adversary. Relax. We're not going to follow them down their prudish (bunny) hole...but we still feel the need to poke the rabbit every once in a while. Hef, if you are reading this, we strongly prefer the photos of the models without their clothing. *Without!*

Photography: TommyO



**“BEING NAKED APPROACHES BEING REVOLUTIONARY;
GOING BAREFOOT IS MERE POPULISM.”**
—John Updike



**“FULL NAKEDNESS! ALL JOYS ARE DUE TO
THEE; AS SOULS UNBODIED, BODIES UNCLOTHED
MUST BE, TO TASTE WHOLE JOYS.”**
-John Donne







**“ART CAN NEVER EXIST WITHOUT
NAKED BEAUTY DISPLAYED.”**
-William Blake



**“WE SEEM TO BE OKAY WITH VIOLENCE, BUT
NUDITY WE RACE TO CRITICIZE AND CENSOR.”**
-Eva Mendes







**“YOU’RE NOW JUST ONE CLICK AWAY FROM EVERY SEX
ACT IMAGINABLE FOR FREE. AND NUDITY IS JUST
SO PASSE AT THIS JUNCTURE.”**

-Scott Flanders, FORMER CEO Playboy Enterprises, Inc.





HL

HIGH LIFE

NEXTGEN SUVs

MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY CONCEPT. TAKE A RIDE
INSIDE THE ALL NEW AND EVOLVED SUV.
BY STEVE FREETH

CARS 4 ALL SEASONS

WHAT better way to enjoy the summer than by jumping into one of the latest batch of super Sports Utility Vehicles? SUVs may have fallen into a pothole for a while in the world financial downturn, but have now made a roaring comeback as top shelf carmakers like Maserati, Bentley, Rolls Royce, and Lamborghini enter an increasingly hot market with a whole new, upscale take on the concept.

The recent New York Auto Show said it all as the next generation of luxurious, ultra performance, high-tech SUVs captivated audiences and dominated headlines. High-end car companies like Range Rover, Porsche, and Mercedes-Benz have been in the SUV game a while, of course—and have been busy innovating—but it's the entry of super automakers for the first time that's really shaking things up.

All that competition is producing some standout cars where the starting price of around a quarter of a million dollars has customers lining up. Smart, fuel-efficient technologies are just part of the story as consumers with deep pockets opt for all-terrain driving and major horsepower performance that can take them from city to country in absolute luxury.





TESLA'S MODEL X

All next-gen SUV's are shedding their fuel guzzling ways, but Tesla's Model X is the ultimate green machine. The 257-mile electric range, zero-to-sixty in 3.2 seconds, and 5-star safety rating definitely impress, but so do the futuristic looks and IQ like automatic emergency braking, side-collision avoidance, and 360-degree sonar sensors.



BENTLEY BENTAYGA

The Bentley Bentayga is billed as the world's most powerful, jumping from zero to 60 in four seconds balanced with a Responsive Off-Road setting, giving it huge driving flexibility. True to form, the Bentayga is the last word in comfort with handcrafted wood and leather interiors, glass roof, luxurious seating, and a full suite of customizable options like the Bentley Entertainment Tablet for onboard connectivity.

CARS4ALLSEASONS

ASTON MARTIN'S 2017 LAGONDA

Even James Bond could soon be driving an SUV it seems—now that Aston Martin's 2017 Lagonda is almost here. This very powerful car has a V12 engine that can accelerate from zero-to-sixty in under five seconds with a top speed of over 185 mph, but comes wrapped in a sleek, lightweight, aerodynamic carbon fiber chassis for speed and fuel efficiency.





MASERATI LEVANTE

The Maserati Levante may be the company's first-ever SUV, but that hasn't stopped it becoming an instant hit. With all the impeccable Maserati engineering in place, the Levante comes in both a 3-liter V-6 twin-turbo or turbo-diesel version in tandem with top aerodynamic efficiency and intelligent all-wheel drive to give it seamless offroad performance.

JAGUAR'S F-PACE

Jaguar's F-Pace is also its first SUV, but the company has been able to call on Land Rover's considerable experience. The supercharged V-6 gas engine can lunge from zero-to-sixty in 5.1 seconds, but technologies like Adaptive Surface Response, Autonomous Emergency Braking, Traffic Sign Recognition, and Activity Key, one of the first car wearables, are just as impressive.

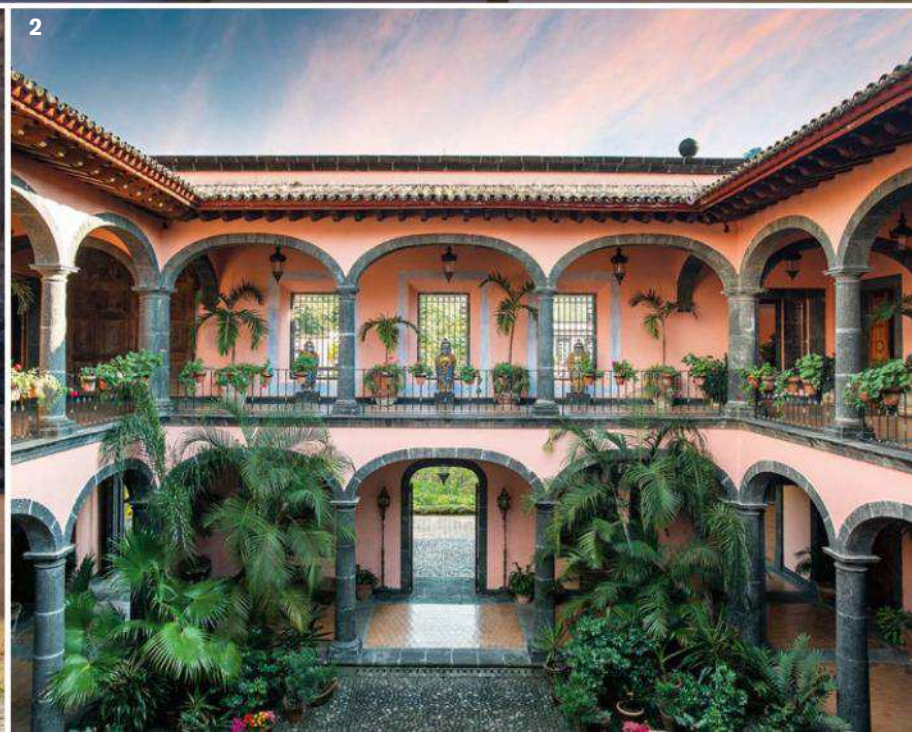




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LUXURY TRAVEL

TRAVELING TO NEW HEIGHTS

LUXURY travel is entering a new phase, moving away from the dash through well-trodden tourist traps, major cities, or big name hotels to one that can deliver a more meaningful and authentic journey.

Travel is now all about the experience, as the travel and hospitality industries rush to create—and market—trips and destinations that are a unique blend of the very best in architecture, food, design, comfort, fitness, and adventure. 5-star, exclusive retreats built as private enclaves for only a handful of guests are springing up around the world, removing their clientele from the hustle and bustle of the capital cities that are just over the horizon.

Helping to fuel the rise of the luxurious resort is the massive growth in “Bleisure,” as we increasingly desire to add on a week’s pampered holiday to a business trip. Here are some of the most glorious experiences you can have in the world today.

1 / Amangiri, in the very remote, dramatic desert of southern Utah, is an enclave of absolute luxury and style. The concrete and sand hotel and pool seem to grow out of a massive sandstone escarpment, while the 34 spacious, modernist rooms and suites all have private views of the ever-changing desert landscape and pristine night skies.

2 / Tokyo’s great, but for another side of Japan you should take the 4-hour train trip to **Amanemu** in the Ise-Shima National Park. Situated on Ago Bay, Amanemu is a serene retreat featuring 24 elegantly designed rooms and four villas with their own *onsens* (hot mineral springs), an Aman Spa, lap pool, and a restaurant serving the area’s famous wagyu beef and seafood.

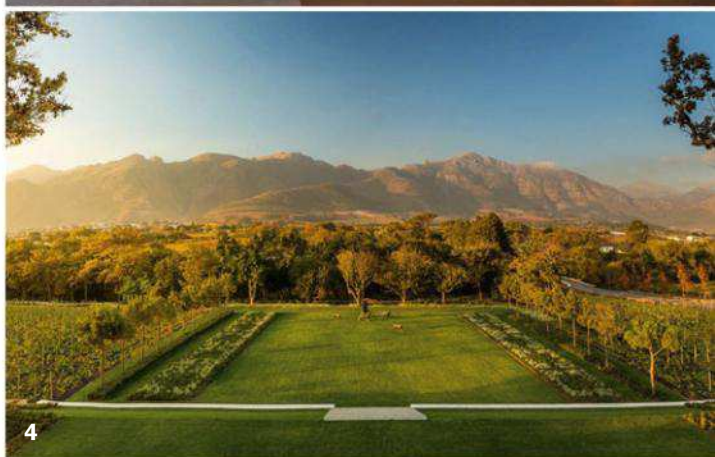
3 / Puglia is better known as the heel of Italy, but its ancient towns and dramatic beaches are international destinations. Less known, though, is the tiny town of Lecce where you can stay at **Masseria Trapanà**, a restored 16th-century farmhouse set in 150 acres of olive groves with nine suites, gorgeous pool, gourmet cooking, and a tiny chapel decorated with sixth-century frescoes.

4 / At the tip of Africa, the picturesque Franschhoek Valley is just an hour’s drive from Cape Town’s gorgeous beaches. The newly-opened **Leeu Estates** is a 170-acre wine farm and 5-star hotel built around a 19th-century Cape Dutch house featuring 17 beautifully-designed rooms, suites, and cottages.

5 / Hacienda de San Antonio in Colima, Mexico sits at the foot of an active volcano in tropical gardens two hours’ drive from the coastal city of Manzanillo. Or use the hotel’s private landing strip if you prefer. This 19th-century coffee plantation, ranch, organic farm, and hotel is set in a 5000-acre nature reserve offering only 25 suites, each with its own private courtyard.



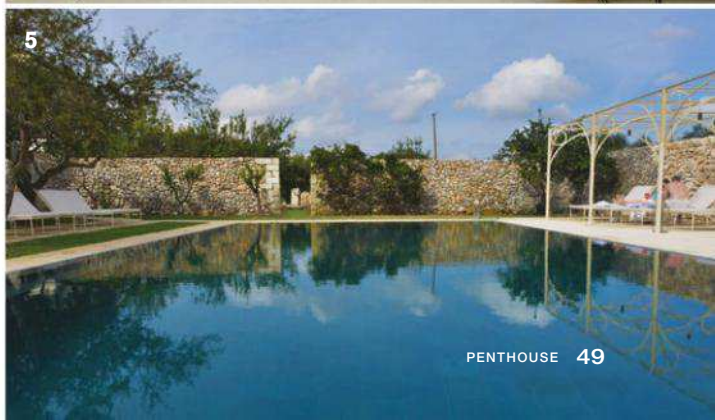
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GOING FIRST CLASS

BUSINESS travelers know more than anyone else on the planet just what a slog those 24-hour plus flights are to and from international airports, or, how miserable a 6-hour stopover can be at three in the morning.

Thankfully, some of the world's best airlines feel our pain and are rapidly beefing up those airport oases—first and business class lounges.

For this elite group, first class is getting even more luxurious, as their lounges compete for bragging rights on best design, space, food, bars, amenities, or health and fitness.


Around 1.5 billion people will travel this year, but only 9% are estimated to opt for first class flights. With airlines earning six times more per first-class mile than an economy-class mile, the growing investment in lounges doesn't look like it's stopping anytime soon. We take a look at our five favorites.

1 / British Airways First Lounge in Heathrow Airport has recently been “refreshed” to accommodate a new level of luxury. Alongside stylish furniture and polished oak floors, BA has added a “Gold Bar” sheathed in gold leaf lit by a Swarovski crystal chandelier, as well as a dedicated champagne bar surrounded by banquettes for unlimited glasses of Castelnau Vintage 2004 or Taittinger Vintage 2006.

2 / Cathay Pacific's The Pier at Hong Kong Airport has also just been upgraded using green onyx, walnut, limestone, and bronze throughout. Incorporating high-end furniture, CP aimed for a luxury apartment feel that features a champagne bar and zones for relaxation, foot massage, work, and dining, as well as 12 shower suites and five cabanas with full-size bathtubs.

3 / Qantas's First Class Lounge in Los Angeles opened two years ago using Sydney's award-winning formula with a sleek contemporary design by Marc Newson. Californian Knoll furniture, American oak walls, Tuscan Carrara marbled floors, Tai Ping wool carpets, a 48-foot bar, and separate restaurant with food designed by Rockpool's Neil Perry make a winning combination.

4 / Virgin Atlantic Upper Class Clubhouse in London's Heathrow is distinctly designed and packed with top shelf amenities. Apart from the 45-foot cocktail bar, there's The Den for multimedia, The Lodge for unwinding, The Loft via a white marble stairway, and a Clubhouse Spa offering “power showers,” treatments, haircuts, and manicures.

5 / Lufthansa First Class Terminal at Frankfurt Airport was recently voted the World's Best First Class Lounge by customers. A clean and contemporary design has inspired the Cigar Room, individual work offices, quiet rooms, spa, individual bathrooms, and restaurant. 







BORN ON THE 4TH OF JULY

It may seem like the most obvious, tiber-lazy headline, but Noelle Monique's birthday actually is July 4. We caught up with the stunning July 2016 Pet of the Month in sunny Southern California for some backyard summer fun because...AMERICA! Hold on to your wiener and enjoy!

Photography: Tammy Sands

**"I LOVE BEING
ME BECAUSE
NO ONE DOES
IT BETTER."**









**“I’M SWEET,
BUT I TAKE
ZERO BULLSHIT.”**









“PEOPLE
THINK I’M
SPOILED.
LMAO!”







↓ TEAR HERE ↓

↓ TEAR HERE ↓

PENTHOUSE

OTC NOELLE MONIQUE JULY 2016 PET OF THE MONTH





Vital Stats:

34-24-28
5'5"
19 years old

Hometown:

Riverside, CA

So, what do you want to be when you grow up?

Honestly, I always knew I'd be a nude model.

And modeling for Penthouse?

I've always wanted to shoot with Penthouse! Everybody here makes me feel comfortable and if I can't work it, they help me out.

What was your favorite part of the shoot?

The set-up with the mini-pool on the grass. It made me feel sexy in the wild.

What is the best part of your job?

I get to travel and meet people.

Name a place that you would like to visit.

Barbados. I want to party with Rihanna.

Why Rihanna?

She's bad ass.

What do you like to do in your spare time?

Have sex. LOL!

What gets you excited?

Food...and sexy men.

What gets you in trouble?

My mouth. I say the wrong thing all the time.

SEE MORE OF NOELLE MONIQUE AT
PENTHOUSE.COM



PENTHOUSE

LANA RHOADES AUGUST 2016 PET OF THE MONTH

**Vital Stats:**

32-23-35

5'3"

19 years old

Hometown:

McHenry, IL

What's your favorite thing about your hometown?

Happy Jack's Diner. They have the best cheesy fries!

What do you like to do in your spare time?

Play with my puppy Nene and work out.

Favorite sport?

Gymnastics.

Favorite way to relax?

Masturbating.

Favorite sexual position?

Pile driver.

Describe your ideal man.

He's funny, mysterious, dark, and handsome. And he has a big penis.

What gets you into trouble?

Nothing. I'm an angel.

What do you consider kinky?

I don't think I should say.

Describe your first sexual experience on camera.

I loved it! I'm addicted now.

SEE MORE OF LANA RHOADES AT
PENTHOUSE.COM





BLOWN GASKET

Lana Rhoades, the August 2016 Pet of the Month, is our boyhood fantasy come true: young, ridiculously hot, and stranded in the middle of nowhere. We're just thankful this 19-year-old's hitchhiking strategy is to pout and take her clothes off. Yes: her flawless Double D's are real...and yes, the road to the filling station was extra bumpy.

Photography: Ben Hoffman



**"I LOVE BEING
NAKED. IT FEELS
SO NATURAL."**

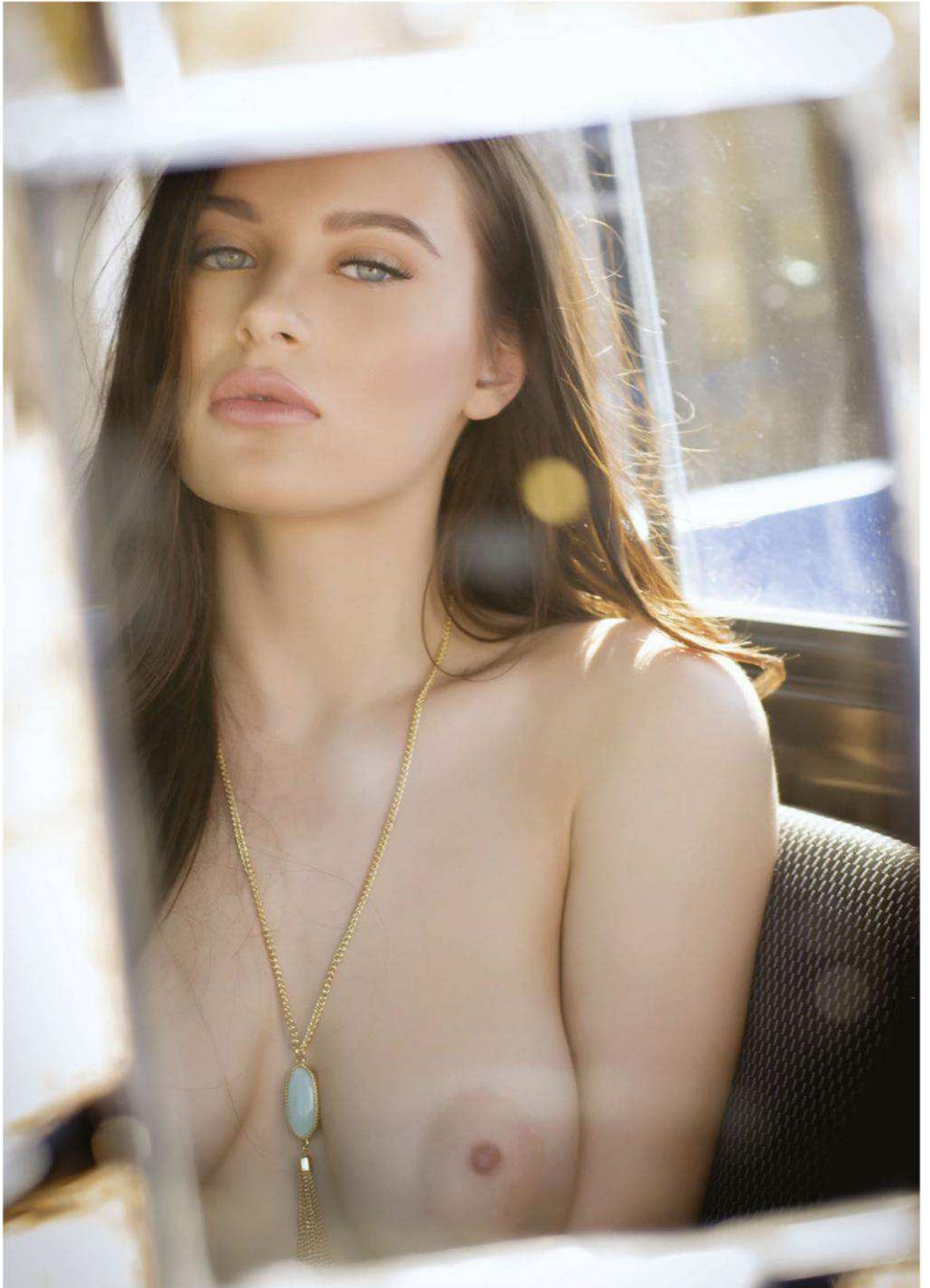







**"I ONCE GAVE MY
BOYFRIEND A
BLOWJOB UNDER
THE TABLE AT IHOP."**










A photograph of a wooden structure, possibly a door or a wall, with a prominent vertical yellow stripe. In the foreground, a woven basket with a yellow and brown pattern is visible. The background shows a wooden wall with horizontal planks and a yellow stripe. The text is overlaid on the upper part of the image.

**“THE OTHER NIGHT, ME AND MY
BFF MASTURBATED TOGETHER
AND FED OFF EACH OTHER’S
ENERGY. I WATCHED HER ORGASM
FOR THREE MINUTES STRAIGHT.”**





**“I DON’T
WANT TO
DATE. I JUST
WANT TO BE
MARRIED
ALREADY.”**





OLD SCHOOL COOL

IDRIS ELBA TALKS ABOUT TERRORISM,
JAMES BOND, AND HIS HEALTHY
ADMIRATION OF DANIEL DAY-LEWIS

IDRIS ELBA is poised to take over the world. But it didn't happen overnight. An award-winning actor who landed his breakout role as criminal impresario Stringer Bell in HBO's cult hit "The Wire," Elba now splits his efforts between DJing (going under the name DJ Big Driis), headlining clubs all over the world, singing on the new Macklemore and Ryan Lewis album, and designing a new fashion line with Superdry.

"People seem to think, 'You're now dipping your toes into music, into fashion, into producing,'" he explains, "but these are all projects and passions I've been working on for years. Nothing has been done on a whim. There's no way I could pull that altogether in one go."

For the time being however, his onscreen commitments will remain his primary bread and butter.

This year will see the "Luther" star hog the limelight as the villainous Krall in "Star Trek Beyond," play a gangster sea lion in "Finding Dory" as well as Shere Khan in "The Jungle Book." Later he begins production on the long-awaited adaptation of Stephen King's "The Dark Tower" with Matthew McConaughey.

But before all that, Elba gets his spy on in espionage thriller "Bastille Day."



BELOW: With Richard Madden in the action drama "Bastille Day". Set in France, a young con artist (Madden) and former CIA agent (Elba) embark on an anti-terrorist mission. The two men, on different sides of the law, collaborate to bring the bad guys down.





Directed by “The Woman in Black”’s James Watkins, Elba is Sean Briar, a former CIA agent who teams up with a petty pickpocket [“Game of Thrones” Richard Madden, recovered from the unfortunate events of the Red Wedding, where his mother, wife, and unborn child died] who’s wrongly accused of a terrorist attack in Central Paris.

Determined to clear his new partner’s name and find those responsible, Briar stumbles on an elaborate government cover-up, using the guise of extremist fundamentalism. But who will believe him?

Fast-paced and edgy, it’s a white-knuckle ride with the humorous traits of a buddy cop comedy. Unfortunately, elements of the storyline have an eerie quality after the Paris attacks last November. Rugged and brawny in a blue sweater and jeans, Idris Elba recognizes the temptation to make connections between reality and entertainment but dismisses it.

And he’s also quick to affirm that “Bastille Day” is not your typical terrorist thriller.

slightest. It’s the coolest thing to be associated with.

It’s a huge compliment and I will never say otherwise. I’d be stupid to think that. It’s fantastic to be part of the conversation. He’s is the ultimate icon. I’m not complaining.

Q. So there’s never been any contact with Barbara Broccoli, never been any conversation at all? Even with all this?

Not at all, I just don’t know how many more times I can talk about it, it’s coming across a little repetitive on my part because there hasn’t been any discussions with James Bond producers, there’s been absolutely no contact.

But it is lovely that there is so much interest. I’m very grateful and thankful for that.

Q. “Bastille Day” is kind of like an audition for Bond, let’s be honest. [Briar is] an international spy, they’re not too dissimilar. Is this the closest we’ll ever see you play 007?

These characters are very different. Bond, Briar. There aren’t really any ties, as much as there are those out there would like to

“I DON’T NEED ANY MORE RUMORS. I DON’T NEED THAT. I THINK THE RUMOR MILL NEEDS TO TAKE A REST.”

Joking and witty, he visibly rolls his eyes with the mention of James Bond but Briar, even he has to admit, isn’t a million miles away from 007. The star also looks towards his busy year, his dreams of doing comedy, why Daniel Day Lewis has the perfect career, and his stance on diversity in the entertainment industry.

Q. We may as well get it out of the way because you know I’m going to want to ask.

ELBA: Yea, alright [laughs].

Q. Is the Bond rumor going to remain just that?

POW! Straight in there [laughs]. Look, it’s a rumor that has become something far greater than I ever could have imagined, anyone could have imagined. You know, it was at once something someone said and then bam, it’s all anyone can talk about it. “Do you have it? Are you Bond? When, Where, How?”

And it won’t go away because you lot keep asking about it [laughs].

But hey, look, it’s not a rumor I’m embarrassed about. God, not in the

make that connection. And again, it’s a cool connection but this is a very different film.

Q. So what appealed to you about “Bastille Day”? I quite liked the old school element of the script and storytelling.

Definitely the old school element of it. Our director James Watkins said, “Oh we want to make a film that feels like (the) Seventies,” and with the framing, the way he did the action, the tone, sort of in your face, whoop bang, crashing cars in cars, little bit old school, very little CGI in the film, a lot of it is actuality and I just like that in the film like this. And that approach. And what I like is that it deviates from what you think it is, and that’s a terrorist plot, that’s not at all what it is, it’s you know, good guy vs. bad guy in the end. Who doesn’t love that?

Q. What was it like working with Richard Madden? Even James admits that he didn’t know if it would work but then putting you together, it just fit so well.

Simply down to the fact that he’s a lovely, lovely, top bloke and we got on so well. We’re mates, always bantering, always laughing and that, there was a lot of laughs between takes. It was great. And I think that

chemistry has definitely made it to the screen, you see it up there and that sort of propels it along in this "Lethal Weapon" kind of way.

Q. I hear he became quite the quick hand at pickpocketing.

Yea, I think that's a life skill right there that you need to keep up. Although how do you do that? It's not like you can ask your mates, "Hey, can I try this on you?"

Q. Did he try it on you when the cameras weren't rolling?

And he knew better than to try it on me, be getting a slap in the face.

There was this tremendous rooftop chase scene and James explained to me that he actually built a roof, on top of another rooftop in Paris.

Q. Making the stunt all the more dangerous right?

It was pretty terrifying, yea because there was no wire work.

Well, it was terrifying for the first take, the first few takes, you think, "Woah this is not good, I should not be up this high, running along the roofs of Paris," but then you had to just get on with it.

You started to feel alright up there. But you had a really interesting dynamic where you had a cameraman on, if this is the length of the roof, he was on a wire and he's just cruising along beside us, that blew me away. It was quite a dynamic

as an actor, you know, I'm responsible for certain areas of the film, which is to make audiences relate to the characters. The filmmakers certainly paid attention to what is happening in current affairs, you know, adapted.

But the truth of the matter is, our film is based in Paris, we made it a year before the attacks, the script was written three years before that. And an intelligent audience will receive it that way and will understand that. But there's no doubt, our hearts go out to what happened in Paris and in Brussels and feel the audience shouldn't be too [reminded] of what happened in Paris and taken to a completely different direction and it's entertainment.

Q. You have a seriously busy release schedule this year, with "Star Trek," "Finding Dory," "The Jungle Book"...

It's kept me going.

Q. What can you reveal about your villainous role in "Star Trek"?

Who says I'm the villain? [laughs].

Q. It's in the trailer.

Well, don't take everything for face value.

Q. So what can you reveal?

A total rollercoaster ride, very different to anything I've ever worked on before. And it's been challenging, physically and mentally, I've pushed myself hard. The cast are an incredibly talented ensemble,

Q. I love that you and Dominic West are playing East End London gangster sea lions.

When that is pitched to you, you sign up yesterday [laughs] and he's a great friend after all these years, it was the best opportunity to laugh and mess around.

Q. It's really the first time you're doing comedy, because I know it's something you've been after.

Exactly because I'm fucking funny. I'm a really funny guy [laughs].

Q. So would you like to star in a "Hangover"-style comedy, Judd Apatow...what would suit you?

No, no, I don't want to say any in particular because it will be, "duhdudhdu wants to be in whatever." I don't need any more rumors [laughs] I don't need that [laughs]. I think the rumor mill needs to take a rest.

Q. You're well and truly part of the A-list now, but do you feel like you are?

No [laughs] who ever says, "Yea, I'm A-list now"?

Q. I'm sure lots of people. But your career has really got to a place now where you can surely pick and choose.

Yea, maybe. Yea, I feel now, in the last year or so, I'm able to actually examine and take my time and scope out what I want to do next. And not go from one to the other because I need the job. I've been acting a long long time, well. Wait, making myself sound about a hundred. I've been acting for what, 22, 23 years, but I'm only 43. At this stage, I can ease the speed.

Q. Who has the ideal career in your eyes?

Daniel Day Lewis. He is someone whose career speaks to what I want to do creatively. He chooses his work really methodically, with great intelligence and analysis. What he's done, has been pretty special, to put it mildly.

Q. Lastly, there has been so much discussion about diversity in Hollywood and in the entertainment industry. What's your opinion and have you detected any change?

Look, it's a great conversation to be having right now and can only be a good thing. We need more diversity in scripts, in storytelling, in reflecting the diverse world we live in. And it's not about just about skin color or ethnicity, it's about gender, about sexuality, about disability, and economic, social, and cultural foundations. So yea, it can only be a good thing. ☺

"IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT SKIN COLOR OR ETHNICITY, IT'S ABOUT GENDER, ABOUT SEXUALITY, ABOUT DISABILITY, AND ECONOMIC, SOCIAL, AND CULTURAL FOUNDATIONS."

sequence to make that film come alive and part of that, he wanted to see us actually doing it. Richard and I practiced for six weeks in a sequence doing that scene in a warehouse, but it was gruelling, dangerous but I like danger. Danger is my middle name [laughs]. It was a lot of hard work, a lot and you had to be fit.

Q. Which surely isn't a problem for you?
You would be surprised. I'm getting on, no spring chicken [laughs].

Q. Now, there is no denying the eerie parallels between this film and the Paris attacks, has that changed the meaning of the film for you?

Without a doubt, we are so sensitive to how audiences might receive this film, but it's important to highlight that me

some I've worked with before, some first time. Justin [Lin] and Simon [Pegg] and the team have created a complex, interesting journey.

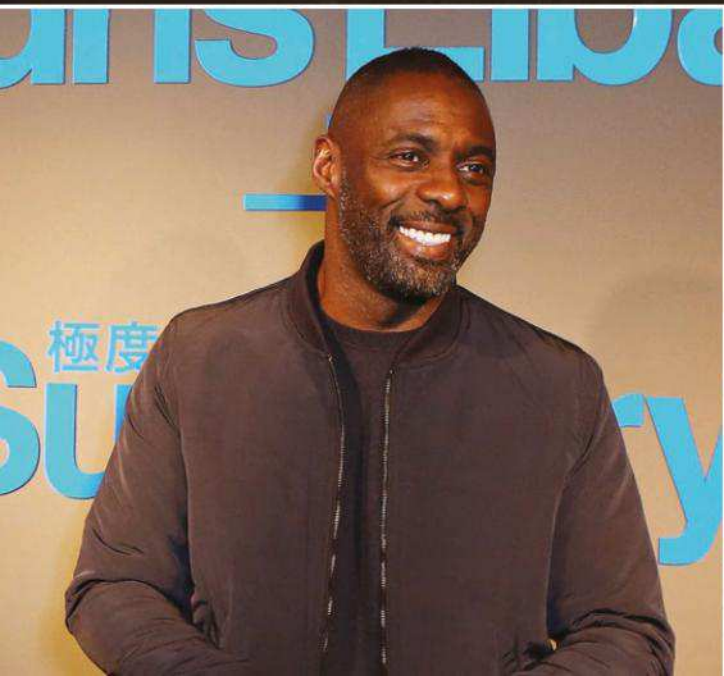
And I'm not going to say anymore because the marksmen will take me out through that window. They're listening [laughs].

Q. You've got "Finding Dory," "Jungle Book," "Zootropolis" like you're making your mark as a voice actor now this year too.

Yea, I love acting, portraying a story, a character with just your voice, your tone. It's a big challenge but it's a lot of fun and working on these films has been a great way to exercise that. And they were three movies I couldn't say no too.



CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE:
With his on-screen character
Shere Khan, whom he voices
in 2016's "The Jungle Book"; in
Disney Pixar's "Finding Dory" as
the voices of Fluke and Rudder;
and at the launch of his Superdry
fashion collection in London.







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SUMMER GIRL

Perhaps her a/c is on the fritz. Or maybe she doesn't know how to work the newfangled control panel. We're just happy that Uma Jolie decided to strip down to beat the heat, and really don't care why.

Photography: Digital Desire











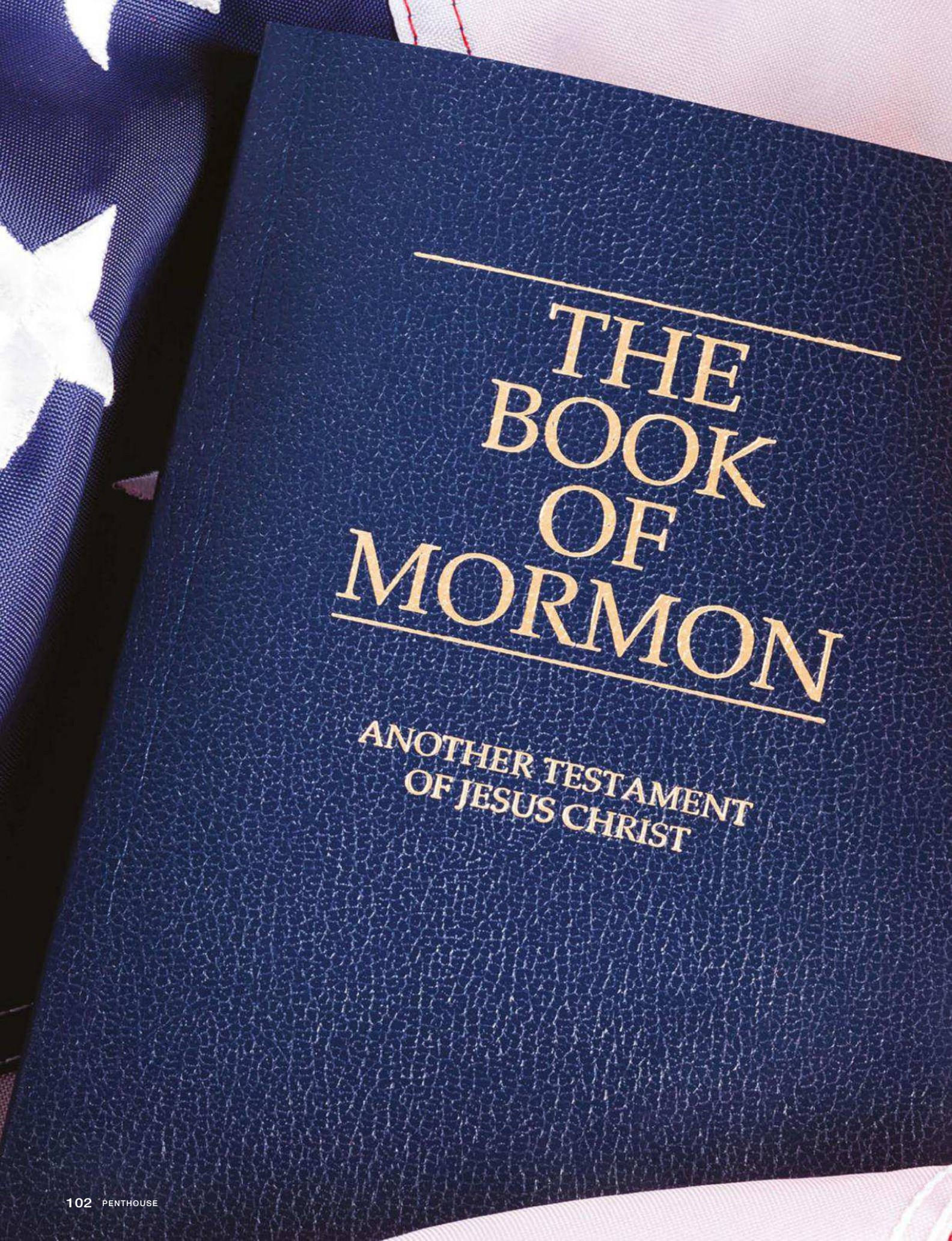








SEE MORE OF UMA JOLIE AT
PENTHOUSE.COM



THE BOOK OF MORMON

ANOTHER TESTAMENT
OF JESUS CHRIST

THE MORMON WAR ON PORN IS COMING FOR YOU

BY ANDY CAMPBELL

PAUL SNOW is 40 and happily married, but he's still scared to touch himself.

Snow (not his real name), a lifelong member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, has battled his urge to masturbate to porn since he hit puberty. In households outside of the Mormon Belt, young Snow might have been allowed to succumb to his body's need for sweet release.

But this is the Mormon Church. It's a religion that condemns masturbation as unchaste. It's a religion whose clergy view pornography as evil, and as addictive as heroin. It's a religion whose 13th president, Ezra Taft Benson, famously said, "The Book of Mormon places unchastity next to murder."

It's a religion that could care less about the separation of church and state. Its ultra-faithful lawmakers just brought Mormon ideology into national politics by passing a resolution declaring pornography a "public health crisis" and an "epidemic."

To the Mormon Church, Snow was a sex fiend and a sinner in dire need of God's internal addiction program.

"I was led to the sexual addiction program by my bishop—I had been struggling with a pornography addiction since the first year of my marriage, and a masturbating addiction since I was 12," Snow says. "I was not able to stop on my own, and stopping was necessary as the church looks at porn and masturbating as a very grievous sin. ... I felt tremendous guilt for sinning all the time, with no ability to stop."

For two years, Snow sat in a circle with other Mormons suffering from the same affliction, in church-led therapy sessions modeled after Alcoholics Anonymous' 12-step program. He learned that he was trapped; that he'd have to forget about his right hand and repent if he had any chance of getting back his family's trust.

He says his dark desires ebbed after graduation. In secret, though, he still watches porn—only one time in the past six months, he says—and his wife still holds his previous addiction against him. An addiction, mind you, that was church-diagnosed.

That's what leaves him conflicted. He acknowledges that he was born into a social construct that made him feel guilty in the first place, but that same social construct was there to take the mess off his hands, too.

"I think [sex addiction therapy] really can help people. I think it did have a positive effect on my life. I was happier afterward, after being able to safely open up to some random people about my struggles, with nobody judging me. I couldn't do that with my wife, so this was a helpful way to cope."

Today, Snow says he's a relatively happy guy, and he'll stay involved in the church because leaving would mean abandoning his family. But so many others have had their faith rocked by a church that can't stand sexuality. We spoke with rape survivors who were investigated for sexual misconduct, teens whose lightweight porn habits cost them their families, and members of the LGBT community who were shunned by their church.

To understand their stories is to understand a religion that is at war with what you watch. Previously, that war was wholly internal, fought solely on the battleground of Utah, a state whose Mormons make up 59 percent of its 3 million citizens. That war went public in April, when Utah's anti-porn resolution placed Snow's so-called addiction among the worst afflictions that have ever plagued the state.

To be clear: A state comprised of many people who are nervous—and, we found, super curious—about sex just passed unprecedented and flat-out misleading legislation about sexuality. Meanwhile, its lawmakers appear to be ignoring bona fide matters of public health.

On March 29, Mormon Gov. Herbert signed a resolution slamming porn as a "public health hazard leading to a broad spectrum of individual and public health impacts and societal harms."

Senate Concurrent Resolution 9, penned by Mormon Sen. Todd Weiler, doesn't ban porn or carry any legal implications, but Weiler hopes the federal government will eventually adopt similar legislation and label porn an epidemic, as addictive to our children as tobacco, cocaine, or methamphetamine.

The baffling measure is the first of its kind, probably because it doesn't make any sense. It ignores federal procedures for declaring an epidemic, and worse, lacks scientific evidence to back up its claims. Weiler's resolution relies heavily on a misleading report, filed by a known anti-porn group, to proclaim:

WHEREAS, exposure to pornography often serves as childrens' and youths' sex education and shapes their sexual templates

WHEREAS, because pornography treats women as objects and commodities for the viewer's use, it teaches girls they are to be used and teaches boys to be users

WHEREAS, pornography normalizes violence and abuse of women and children

WHEREAS, pornography equates violence towards women and children with sex and pain with pleasure, which increases the demand for sex trafficking, prostitution, child sexual abuse images, and child pornography

WHEREAS, potential detrimental effects on pornography's users can impact brain development and functioning, contribute to emotional and medical illnesses, shape deviant sexual arousal, and lead to difficulty in forming or maintaining intimate relationships, as well as problematic or harmful sexual behaviors and addiction

WHEREAS, pornography use is linked to lessening desire in young men to marry, dissatisfaction in marriage, and infidelity

Those are some bold allegations.

Under questioning, Weiler admits he's not a scientist, and avoids giving his definition of pornography. He'll point out that his facts came from a report by the National Center on Sexual Exploitation (NCSE), which is a not-so-objective group dedicated to ending the scourge of pornography. Too bad the NCSE, like Weiler, lacks scientific evidence. A recent report in The Huffington Post found that many of the NCSE's more brazen claims—including that porn is a direct cause of violence against women and risky sex behavior—are based on a 2012 review of research that in no way confirms causality.

In fact, that original paper states: "Researchers have had difficulty replicating these results, however, and as a result the aggregate literature has failed to indicate conclusive results."

When there's no science, the NCSE uses anecdotes to give the feeling of a problem when there may not be one at all. There's no concrete evidence that sexual addiction even exists, or that there's a causal relationship between pornography and violence.

But hey, we get it! Facts are boring, and anecdotes are

HE STILL WATCHES PORN, AND HIS WIFE HOLDS HIS ADDICTION AGAINST HIM.



powerful. We tell several gut-wrenching human-interest stories in this very article. But unlike the LDS Church and Utah legislature, we also have to throw a little expert analysis and statistics your way to prove our argument, rather than just stroke your imagination and scare you. We do apologize, but you know...science.

Dr. Nicole Prause, a sexual psychophysicologist who has more than a decade of research in addiction, sexual desire, erectile dysfunction, and sexual problems, thinks Weiler's bill is as naughty as a Mormon spanking video.

"The resolution is completely ridiculous and without scientific merit," she says.

Anti-porn groups like the NCSE often point to legitimate, yet unrelated studies to draw outlandish conclusions. For example, Prause says, there are peer-reviewed studies proving that pornography stimulates the reward centers of the brain, sending dopamine flooding into your head the same way methamphetamine does.

"It's true—pornography does that," she says. "It's also true with images of chocolate and images of puppies. You don't see puppies being declared a public health hazard. These sex addiction studies are relying on ignorance, claiming that pornography is the same thing as cocaine and hoping you don't know any different."

There's also evidence of porn users mimicking the stuff they watch. A woman who watches porn that features clitoral stimulation could be more likely to explore the clit in the bedroom, Prause says. That logic could, in theory, be used to argue that men who watch violent porn are more likely to assault women. But that's only for men who are more inclined to do so in the first place, and there's still no causality linking the problem back to porn.

"If I tie the Pope to a chair and show him violent porn for five days straight, he's not gonna be a rapist," she says. "There's no evidence of that. There is an argument to be made for sexual assault and violence among people who already inclined to do so. But we're not sure what that mechanism is, and there's no scientific evidence that pornography is the cause of that shift."

Tennessee and as many as 10 other states are reportedly looking to draft their own versions of Weiler's misguided measure, which means the war on porn may soon come to your doorstep. In the meantime, Utah legislators are turning a blind eye to the real public health crises staring them right in the face.

The Beehive State is a quirky place with an identity problem. On one hand, Utah boasts nationwide political influence, one of the country's happiest populations, and a focus on family values that would've made Mary reroute her flight to Galilee. And yet each glance under Utah's hood reveals sweeping dilemmas: Sexual assault, child abuse, and suicide rates among them.

It's the nation's most church-going state, with 51 percent of its citizens attending services on a weekly basis, according to recent Gallup polls. Utah skews low in teen pregnancy rates, and its abstinence-based sex education could be the reason why young Utahns have sex about a year later than their peers in other states, according to Dr. Prause.



Local practicing Mormons will tell you that they have an unmatched sense of family and community. That has a lot of truth to it – Gallup polls consistently rank Utah among the top 10 states with the highest “well-being index,” and its people overall feel secure financially, take pride in their communities and have support networks to lean on.

Many ex-Mormons, however, say that sense of family is mandatory. The family unit—which, by the way, is strictly between one man and one woman, and hasn’t officially included polygamy since the church disavowed the practice in 1890 – is unwavering and unquestionable. Stories of abandonment and ex-communication abound, especially when kids seek answers from other faiths or come out as gay, or when adults turn to vices like booze or ejaculating into a sock.

In any case, drunk homosexuals masturbating to porn should be the least of Utah’s worries.

Utah had the fourth highest suicide rate in 2015, and the state Department of Health claims that suicide is the leading cause of death among young people.

Religious LGBT youth, especially: Between November of 2015 and January, 26 Mormons between the ages of 14 and 20 took their own lives, according to Mama Dragons, a support group for gay Mormons and their families. Their deaths came in the wake of an LDS Church decree in November that children of parents in same-sex marriages can’t be blessed or baptized, unless they disavow their parents when they reach 18.

Utah also ranks first in the nation in reports of child sex abuse and eighth in child abuse overall, according to state records. It skews high in sexual assault, rape, and domestic violence in comparison to the rest of the nation. Infection rates for common STDs have skyrocketed over the past five years, and gonorrhea rates have quadrupled.

Plus, the state still struggles with rising homelessness, suffers from some of the worst air quality in the country, and has a proven track record of punishing rape victims.

Why, then, are Utah’s lawmakers focusing on pornography?

“I personally do not care for pornography, but that’s a choice for individuals to make. There are way more urgent matters for our legislature to focus on,” says Rachel Nelson, a Democratic candidate for District 59 in the Utah House of Representatives and a practicing Mormon herself.

“Even though a great majority of the population and legislature are involved in the LDS Church, our legislature isn’t actually serving that group. Sexual assault is high, as is child abuse. We’re not creating legislation that helps people breathe clean air. We have a huge teacher shortage and we’re leaving children behind in our education system. That’s not very family friendly.”

Mormons hold all of the power and take none of the responsibility. They make up about 80 percent of the state legislature, which serves as a kind of worry-free pipeline

between conservative legislation and Gov. Herbert’s signature. Not that the governor needs his House or Senate to make decisions that don’t help anyone—in September, he ordered state agencies to stop funneling federal money into Planned Parenthood.

And it was Herbert whose signature put porn on par with Flint, Michigan’s contaminated water crisis.

Herbert had a truckload of other problems to focus on, but instead he signed the resolution filed by Weiler, a politician who’s known to mix his ideology with his policy.

He’s a senator who proudly admits that he would overturn Roe v. Wade—the U.S. Supreme Court decision making abortion a protected and fundamental right nationwide—if he could. He made the remark during a recent debate over Utah’s bizarre, one-of-a-kind bill requiring that doctors administer pain relief to fetuses at 20 weeks of gestation or later:

“I don’t believe that Roe v. Wade is an accurate representation of the U.S. Constitution, but I do believe in the rule of law. We have to follow that,” he said. “Nobody’s looking out for the baby. You’re trying to kill the baby. An abortion ends the life of an unborn human being.”

Yet the senator has regurgitated, in several interviews about his resolution, some variation of the same quote: “I am not some kooky Mormon trying to impose his religion on the nation.”

Depending on who you talk to, the LDS Church has either “about the right influence” on state lawmakers’ decisions, or way, way too much. Polls by UtahPolicy.com found that state Republicans and “very active” Mormons think the church’s influence is just right, while Democrats, political independents, and non-Mormons overwhelmingly believe the church has too much influence on Salt Lake City’s Capitol Hill.

“Saying that Mormonism affects Utah politics is the understatement of the century,” says Kate Kelly, a lawyer and ex-Mormon who left the church during her fight to get women ordained (so far, it hasn’t worked). “Utah’s statehood was propagated by the Mormon settlers here, and to this day, attending a legislative session is like attending Sunday school, with prayers and all.

“Meanwhile, sexual repression in the church extends to school children, many of whom are not Mormon. Families are often damaged by it, and kids are left without accurate information to turn to,” she adds. “And because of the patriarchal nature of the church, women have little authority in the state’s leadership structure, which really negatively impacts women at every level.”

The LDS Church demands an unwavering moral compass and strict chastity, in Utah especially. But it’s not as if Utahns aren’t curious. On the contrary, they’re horny as hell – which is

“
**I AM NOT SOME
KOOKY MORMON
TRYING TO IMPOSE
HIS RELIGION ON
THE NATION.**
”

probably fine, because there's no hell in the Book of Mormon.

Utah ranks 34th in the nation in traffic going to Pornhub.com, and each Utahn spends an average of 9 minutes, 15 seconds on the site before the shame kicks in. When compared to other states, Utah disproportionately searches for terms like "cosplay," "creampie," "first time anal," and yes, "Mormons."

They're sinners, the lot of them. Sinners like 28-year-old Devin McLeod, who says he was drawn to porn specifically because he wasn't allowed access to it. Growing up a home-schooled Mormon, McLeod says his parents would shut off the WiFi when they left the house because the boy couldn't stop exploring himself.

"My only parent-approved sex education came in the form of a book titled 'The Miracle of Forgiveness,' which assured me that I was to never masturbate, ever. That was the beginning and end of my authorized sexual education," he says.

His parents were keen on search history, too, so he found a workaround: Spanish.

"I quickly became engrossed in *las chicas Latinas*," he says. "That worked out pretty well, and I'd only get caught maybe one time in 10."

McLeod's sexual repression was a factor in his resignation from the church at a young age, and in turn, he was forced to leave his family. By the age of 18, he was cut off and living on his own. He says his parents only recently started talking to him again, likely because he's now married, which could be an opportunity for conversion down the road.

Whether you're talking about politics or sexuality, Utah's values are overwhelmingly Mormon values. And the church's war against sexuality goes beyond pornography, often with serious consequences.

Madeline MacDonald was an 18-year-old freshman at Brigham Young University when she was sexually assaulted.

It was December of 2014, and she remembers clearly that was a Monday night. That's "family night" at the Mormon university, when you're supposed to be paired with a handful of other students to play "house"—complete with a mommy, a daddy and children who play board games together.

"I was like, no way, I'm not gonna go and bake cookies with some random girl who's supposed to be my mom," MacDonald recalls.

She chose an activity that's a little more normal for adults her age: Swiping left and right on Tinder. She matched with a boy from another school who claimed to be Mormon and agreed to slink off for 20 minutes to meet.

That meet-up turned into a long drive through the mountains alongside BYU's campus in Provo. Her date stopped in a desolate parking lot, and his small talk quickly turned into

aggressive, sexual advances. There he assaulted MacDonald, and then drove her home, telling her that she was lucky to have such a good guy, "because other guys would have raped me," she says.

She was frozen from fear after the incident, but it wasn't until hours later, after conversations with her friends, that she knew she'd become a victim. Luckily, the campus had a women's resources center, whose counselor was kind and empathetic.

What MacDonald didn't know was that BYU would spend the coming days investigating whether she, a sexual assault victim, had violated the university's storied "Honor Code" by engaging in sexual activity. She says her case was forwarded to BYU's Title IX office, which handles student sexual harassment and violence investigations, and then handed over to the Honor Code office.

"I hadn't realized that when I was reporting my sexual assault, I was actually reporting myself to BYU," she says.

Still, she had hope that her case would be resolved; that her abuser would meet justice and that her church would rally around her. Instead, she says, her bishop asked her what she did wrong that led to the assault. Local police essentially ignored her, she says, even after she provided the clothing she wore during the attack as evidence. BYU, meanwhile, was taking a highlighter to her witness statement, deciding whether she had broken school policy. Nobody was looking for a suspect.

Her case wrapped up in Feb. 2015, and she wasn't reprimanded by the school. Other victims haven't been so "lucky." BYU is under fire for several other recent incidents in which the Honor Code office issued violations against victims, or interrogated them over their purity.

BYU sophomore Madi Barney, who is fighting her own rape case in court, is also under investigation by the Honor Code office. She started an online petition on Care2's website calling for an end to "punishing victims of sexual assault," which by this writing is nearing its goal of 120,000 signatures.

She and other victims are leading the charge against the university, hosting protests on campus, offering counseling service to other survivors, and calling for sweeping policy changes that give immunity to victims from Honor Code investigations.

Kelsey Bourgeois, sexual assault survivor and a former BYU student, organizes those demonstrations. In April, dozens of protesters joined Bourgeois and candidate Nelson and delivered a petition with 60,000 names to the school administration office, again calling for an immunity clause.

Bourgeois says the school's treatment of women isn't out of the ordinary. Women of the LDS Church are regularly defined by their body's "purity." She and other Mormons we spoke to recalled a dated but oft-cited statement made by the church's

**YOU'RE BETTER
OFF DYING AS
A RAPE VICTIM
THAN LIVING AS A
DEFILED MORMON.**



First Presidency in 1974, which implied, according to the Salt Lake Tribune that a woman would not be “guilty of unchastity” if she fought off her attacker “with all her strength and energy.”

In other words, you’re better off dying as a rape victim than living as a defiled Mormon.

“As a woman in particular your greatest asset is your virtue, meaning your virginity,” Bourgeois says. “If you lose it, you’re worthless trash. No man will ever want you, and that’s all that matters. It’s harmful messaging, and creates a culture of victim blaming.”

It also creates an atmosphere of shame, and leads to self-censorship. Bourgeois says she didn’t report an incident of date rape out of worry that she was a “Bad Mormon” whose school would reprimand her.

“There’s a ton of fear about retribution from your religion, your school, your family. You’re very much shunned if you’ve been used,” she says. “It’s well known that the Honor Code is not what you think—it’s not about a commitment to being a religious, family person. It’s more like, ‘You signed a contract, and if you violate it we’re going to hunt you down.’ Your peers and your administration are watching you at all times.”

BYU administrators released a statement in April promising to “study these issues, including potential structural changes within the university, the process for determining whether and how information is used, and the relationship between the Title IX Office and the Honor Code Office.”

Bourgeois, her fellow survivors on campus, and an undoubted list of silent victims are waiting for real change.

It’s these types of Mormon principles that are guiding public policy in Utah. That policy is beginning to leak across state borders, and signals a terrifying trend in which the fear of our children watching porn evolves into an all-out crusade against sexuality.

Nobody wants to show their young children pornography, much like nobody wants their toddler driving to preschool. By the same token, nobody wants their government — or that government’s preferred religion — to define their sexuality. Even the LDS Church touts free agency and “the privilege of choice which was introduced by God.”

Plus, we’ve got a hell of a lot more to worry about than what we masturbate to.

“I don’t know one woman who hasn’t had unwanted sexual advances or been the victim of sexual assault,” Nelson says. “It’s extreme. It’s too much. And it’s bred into our culture. We’re faced with problems that are more urgent than pornography, and we’re not dealing with them.”



EAT THIS!

WILL THIS BE THE CHEW
& SCREW ELECTION?
BY STEVE FABER

IT WAS mid-April of this year, the hour was getting late in Washingwood, I was feeling a bit hungry, nothing in the refrigerator, so I thought, "How about a bite out?" No problem. One restaurant remained open. Highly exclusive.

Clooney's. A great place, hidden in the hills. Clooney's....? Oh, the proprietor? Yes. George Clooney.

(Now, a disclaimer: Mr. Clooney's a very nice man, which is an anomaly in Washingwood. I don't begrudge his roll-out and opening of *Clooney's*. I do, however, take profound issue with a few things associated with the dinner.)

First of all, it wasn't just a meal out, it was an event. More on that later. I was irritated at the seating arrangement or lack thereof. But that was nothing compared to my indignation at the cost of this dinner. Cap all that off with Mr. Clooney's decision regarding whom he could and would serve and to whom he could and would (legally) deny service, and it was, how might one describe it? A doomed meal.

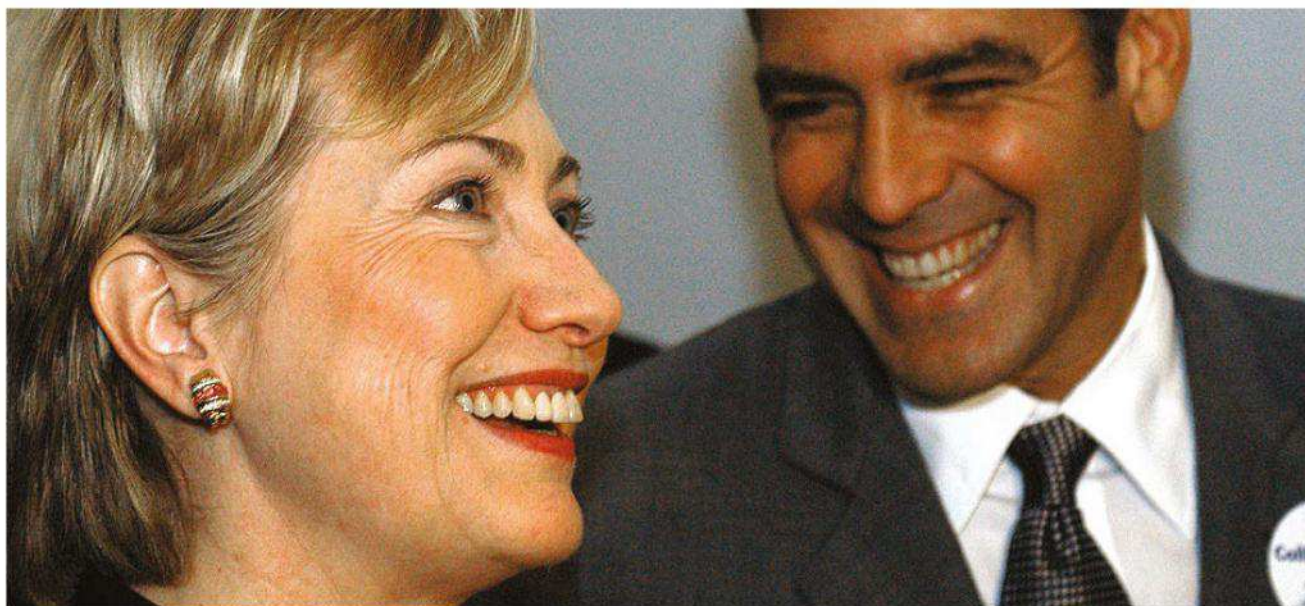
I have some experience with crashing events (I authored the screenplay "Wedding Crashers") and, though I'm not saying I did crash the dinner-experience, I am, however, saying that, I...oh... *it would have been possible for me to crash the dinner-experience*. The vagaries are important here...

To begin with, I did not know that there was a guest of honor at the dinner. Hillary Clinton, as it turned out. Which was nice, I suppose. Secretary Clinton gets hungry like the rest of us human beings, so she certainly deserves a quiet meal out. I did not know the entire evening would revolve around Mrs. Clinton. Was it her birthday? No. Also Hillary brought her friends to *Clooney's*, and these friends concocted some issue as to whether or not one could keep one's cell phone while dining, lest something be recorded that Hillary might not want recorded, or God forbid, transcribed or therein emailed.

I further found it odd that my dining experience in terms of where I could or could not sit was in question (I had thought it so because I was dining alone. It's difficult to find a table for one). I was wrong. Turns out my seating-standing had to do with which menu I chose. There were only two prix-fixe menus: the "cheap menu?" \$33,400.00. The "expensive menu?" \$353,400.00.

I went the cheap route. And, awkwardly ate my meal wedged between the other cheapskates who were standing, or, if they could grab the side of a couch or the end of a brick outdoors, sat down, precariously balancing their plates on their laps.

The food was the same on both menus. The only real difference is that if one chose the expensive menu, one got to eat their meal at George Clooney's table. Not necessarily next to George Clooney, just... at his



HILLARY CLINTON HAS ENOUGH MONEY. MORE THAN ENOUGH. SHE COULD RUN THREE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS AND HAVE SOME CASH LEFT OVER.

table. Which begs the silly, minor, unimportant question: WHO IN THE FUCK WOULD PAY 353,000 DOLLARS TO EAT NEAR GEORGE CLOONEY? Again, George Clooney? Great guy. But...really? I held my water, so to speak, in fear that it would cost me a hundred grand to piss next to George Clooney.

There were more than a few courses at this meal, and they were wonderful. We began with an appetizer: a smoked salmon/gravlax type situation topped with crème fraîche and 20 antique gold coins. We followed that with a salad of mixed green hundred dollar bills, sun dried cashier's checks, and crumbled million-dollar pledges all dressed with a cranberry you-now-have-major-league access-vinaigrette.

After a quick palate refresher (a frozen silver dollar placed on the tongue and then quickly removed), we continued with the entrée: A Short Rib "Pound of Flesh" Bourguignon. There was a fish option, A Thai Style Pan Roasted Pacific Salmon Wrapped in a Promise-That-The-Diner-Donor-Would-Be-Considered-For-An-Ambassadorship-To-Thailand.

After the entrée was served, dessert was offered. However before dessert was offered, guests were asked to take out their checkbooks; those who did received dessert, those who didn't received their balls-roasted-on-a-skewer. Drizzled in a Reduction of Go-Fuck-Yourself.

Mrs. Clinton then graced us with her words. She broke new ground with her inspiring view that "Shit is gonna get better than it is now. Not that it's bad because I love President Obama, it's just... trust me...gonna get better" (I think she had a few. Or was tired.) She also addressed the issue of the minimum wage: Her plan, as opposed to Senator Sanders' plan for \$15 perhour minimum wage, is for a \$12 per hour minimum wage that accounting for a certain mysterious algorithm involving where you live, divided by the weather, plus how ten other amorphous situations factor in could climb to \$15 minimum wage. (A brief aside: Having been to my share of these types of fundraisers there is nothing, I mean *nothing* as vomitous as a room full of super-wealthy people applauding what

a super-wealthy candidate promises to do for the working poor. In general, they don't give a shit...except when they attend a super-wealthy fundraiser.)

As for me, I was ready to puke. The food was too... rich. Even Mr. Clooney felt the evening was, in his words, "obscene." And the reason for this obscenity is that the meal, depending on who's doing the counting, raised anywhere from six to ten million dollars for Hillary Clinton's campaign. I thought it was... honest of Mr. Clooney to remark that this amount of money raised was "obscene," yet I had to wonder why he didn't ponder the vulgarities of an evening like this before hosting an evening like this. Appropriately, Mr. Clooney closed down *Clooney's* the next day.

I'm speculating that were it Bernie's dinner, it would be on Coney Island at Nathan's Hot Dogs, and if you didn't have enough scratch he'd probably buy you a dog...and a small drink. Were it Trump's dinner you wouldn't be invited.

The point of all this is that we have to get the money out of politics or all we Republican, Democrat, Liberal, Conservative, Libertarian, Socialist, Anarchist voters will have resigned ourselves to having 85 assholes in a huge living room picking our president. Each with enough fuck-you money to buy the island where they stash their cash. I'm not comfortable with that, nor should you be, and we've been doing it for far too long. We used to "publicly finance" campaigns. But that quaint notion changed over time, and when the Supreme Court ruled in *Citizens United* that your pocket lint counted as "speech," and your dreams could be commodified into campaign contributions, the die was cast.

Hillary Clinton has enough money. More than enough. She could run three Presidential campaigns and have some cash left over. I would have been a lot happier had all that money gone to the type of dinner guest that I'm concerned with. The ones that can't afford to eat. You want to change the world? Take that money and feed the hungry and/or teach them how to feed themselves.

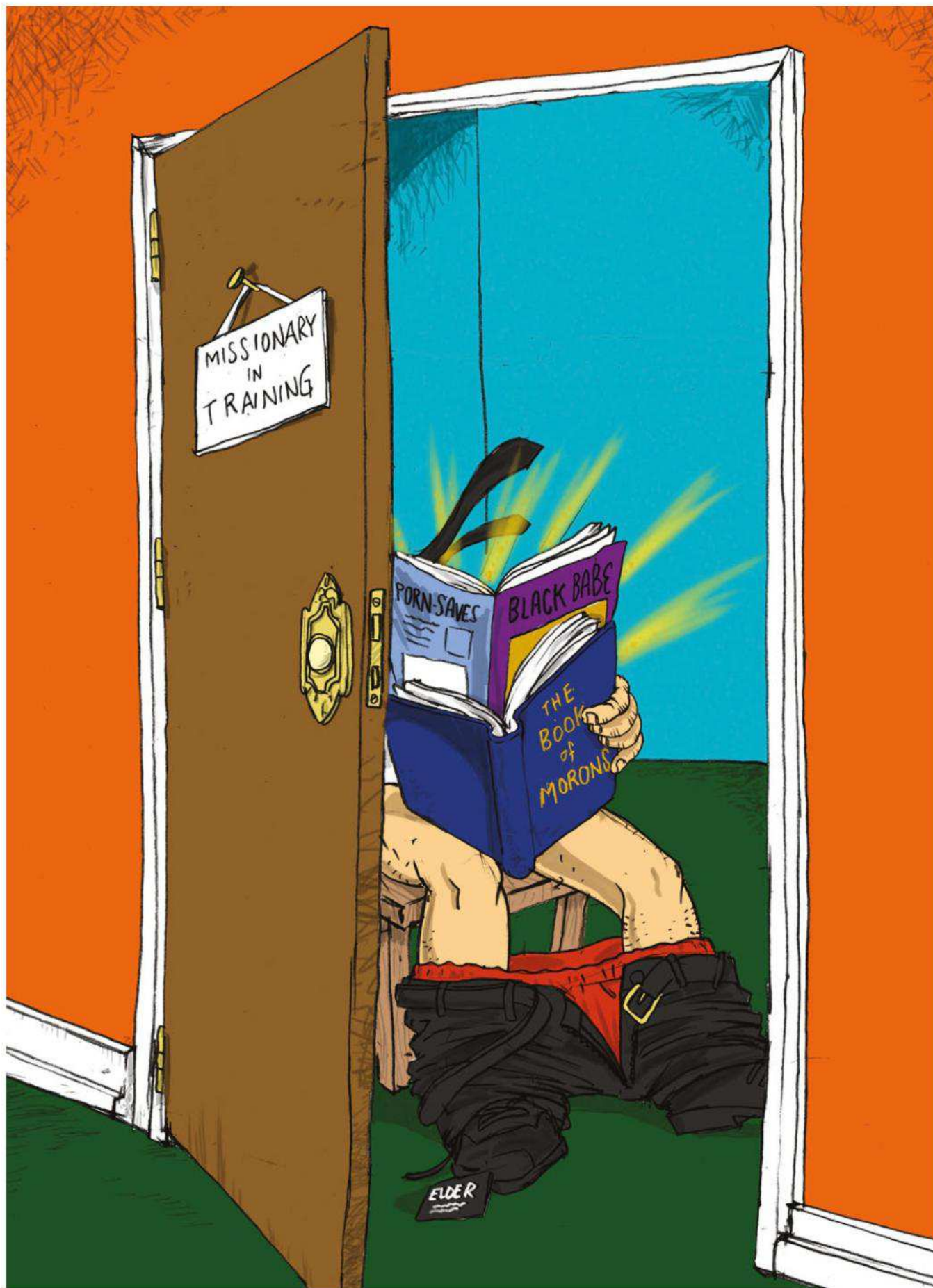
In any event.... I did leave a tip. Why?

My waiter? 12 bucks an hour. ☺

kanøn

CLASSIC, BOLD,
FIERCE ATTITUDE!





TIDAL WAVES OF BEER

SOUNDS LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE BY SEAN BRUCE

BEER! For many men, this word is right up there in the Top Five things they want to hear throughout the day—and probably the only one that doesn't involve their pecker.

One glass and you're already smarter, better looking, and more athletic. Two to three, your skill in bar games like pool and darts dramatically increases, and you also now know how to dance. Six glasses—you're in deep now—luckily, beer miraculously bestows upon you the wisdom of a philosopher, you are easily the most interesting person in the room. Ten-plus glasses— isn't it about time you messaged your ex? Twenty—the Dalai Barman has anointed you the Second Coming of Drunken Jesus—in your holy benevolence, you expunge all evil from your body; the light compels a burrito you ate earlier to runneth from your stomach—straight into a gutter outside the bar.

Beer truly is a beautiful thing. Unfortunately, tomorrow you'll only remember part of this strange and wonderful journey, meaning you will have to repeat the process again next weekend and the one after and the one—you get the point.

Beer is the result of fermented cereal sugars. Back before we were clinking glasses and stumbling home, wild airborne yeasts caused grain stored by ancient tribes to spontaneously ferment, creating alcohol as a by-product. When consumed



the introduction of the hydrometer and the thermometer, brewers were able to produce enough beer to get whole countries completely trashed—or approximately just enough beer to get John Belushi tipsy.

And it was during the industrial revolution, in 1814, that one of the greatest beer-related tragedies (of which we're sure there are many other contenders) occurred: the "Great London Beer Flood".

As we all know, there is nothing sadder than tipping over a full beer. If it's your own, it may be the signal to go home, if it's someone else's—let's just hope you have enough change to replace it. Now, imagine compounding this accident by—say—4 million. Now you are starting to get a grasp of what it was like for the brewery that caused the Great London Beer Flood.

Messrs. Henry Meux and Co. was founded early in the reign of King George III and had become renowned for its porter, of which it produced over 100 thousand liters per year. When a storehouse clerk, George Crick, inspected one of the 3-story wooden vats that contained the honey-brown nectar, he noticed that a 700-pound girdle had fallen off the bottom of the container. Apparently, not an uncommon occurrence, he was told not to worry about it. In fact, Crick's boss assured him "no harm whatever would ensue" from the broken hoop. Moments later, the beer vat exploded.

"BEER IS PROOF THAT GOD LOVES US AND WANTS US TO BE HAPPY."

by one of our more adventurous ancient ancestors, this bizarre tasting concoction resulted in the first ever keg party—as well as the first hangover. While pinpointing the exact moment in time is nearly impossible, we know that beer has been part of human civilization for almost as long as civilization has been a thing. It probably gave civilization a purpose too—let's build a mighty wall around this valley and farm these crops!—Why? So we can get shitfaced, of course!

Needless to say, the trend quickly took off, with evidence of brewing found in Iran, Egypt, and throughout Neolithic Europe. Ancient beer was usually only created and sold domestically—making home brew the standard practice. Production changed in the 14th and 15th century in Europe when pubs and monasteries started to produce beer on a larger scale for mass consumption.

When industrialization came along, humans experienced a level of production never before seen. Along with the textiles and automotive engineering, brewing also saw an unprecedented bump. Backed by developments in steam engine technology and

The explosion triggered a chain reaction with the adjoining vats, resulting in nearly 1.5 million litres of beer to come cascading down from the brewery into the nearby (mostly impoverished) Irish community. I know what you're thinking—a beer flood in an Irish neighborhood—best day of their lives, right? Unfortunately, as whimsical as the story sounds, it was devastating for the residents. Bricks and mortar rained down on the streets, killing one 14-year-old girl instantly. In the cellar of a nearby dwelling, a family holding a wake for their recently deceased 2-year old boy were crushed when their house collapsed under the tidal wave of beer. Eight women and children in total lost their lives in a disaster that, according to the London's Morning Post, was "equal to that which fire or earthquake may be supposed to occasion."

The brewery didn't pay any damages to the victims' families for the mishap after a jury rendered its verdict that the incident had been an "Act of God."

Which brings to mind an old Ben Franklin quote—"Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy"—so long as it's in a glass. ☺



A SOLDIER'S SECOND ACT

LET WAR BE THE INTERMISSION
BY MATT GALLAGHER

FAMOUS drinker F. Scott Fitzgerald once wrote, "There are no second acts in American lives." Good line, flawed logic.

For example: "Marine infamous for urinating on Taliban corpses helps foil girlfriend's alleged hit-man plot" reads a late April headline in the *Washington Post*, and somehow, some way, the story's actually even stranger than that. Former Marine Staff Sergeant Joseph Chamblin was part of the scout sniper platoon who, following a 2012 firefight in Afghanistan, pissed on the dead bodies of enemy fighters. Someone in the platoon videotaped it, and later the video was uploaded to YouTube. Everyone involved, including Chamblin, saw their military careers go poof. And that was the least of it. One of the other Marines involved, former Sergeant Robert Richards, died of an accidental overdose in 2014, his family pointing to depression and his never getting over the infamy from Afghanistan as the culprit.

That story—the one of the troubled vet who can never shake the demons of war—is an all-too-common one. Chamblin's is, well, something else altogether. It seems rendered out of a Robert Stone novel. To summarize (no easy feat for this madness, so bear with me here), Chamblin's lady friend in Tennessee, Laura Buckingham, wanted to hire someone to kill her young child's father. She mentioned it a few times to Chamblin, who first thought she was kidding. Buckingham—also a former Marine and a veteran of Iraq—was not kidding.



WAR BRINGS OUT THE BEAST IN PEOPLE— AND NEEDS TO—IF THEY WANT TO SURVIVE.

Disturbed by her adamancy and also probably not wanting to be an accessory to murder, Chamblin began recording their murder-for-hire conversations and later went to the police with them. The Tennessee Bureau of Investigation set up a sting, and Buckingham was arrested earlier this year, charged with “Criminal intent to commit first-degree murder.”

Got all that? The tl;dr version is that a little kid still has his father because of Chamblin, and a very troubled woman is now behind bars instead of raising said little kid.

Four years ago, after watching the video, I remember having many mixed feelings about “Pissing on Taliban Bodies” and the ensuing brouhaha. Like too many social media scandals, the short video clip stripped any and all context from the event. They were deep in the mountains of Afghanistan, and these were enemy bodies, not innocents by any means. War brings out the beast in people, and needs to, if they want to survive; also, let’s be honest, way worse things than that have gone down in the immediacy of post-combat celebrations. I got and get all that and suspect most *Penthouse* readers do, too.

On the other ... where’s the discipline? They are (well, were) United States Marines, not irregular jackasses playing at militia. And why record it? Dear Devil Dogs, had you ever heard of the Internet? It’s not exactly interested in nuance or circumstance or the wider view of it all. Put down the recording device and get back to the damn outpost.

Anyhow, regardless of the rights, wrongs, and what the fucks, I hadn’t thought much of the incident or Marines involved since 2012. It’s the world we live in, I guess—on to the next scandal du jour, and it’s not like our terror wars haven’t had more to offer to consider in 40-second increments in the years since.


Of course it wasn’t that easy to move on for Chamblin (or Richards, for that matter). Chamblin co-wrote a book called *Into*

Infamy. The title says it all. And here he is, a few years later, back in the news, again part of a crazy story but this time being praised instead of being vilified. Which brings me back to that Fitzgerald quote about second acts and American lives.

A lot of young vets right now are trying to determine their own second act. What it’s going to be, how it’s going to contribute to something larger than themselves, and when—goddamn, *when*—that next act is gonna finally get going. A friend of mine who went back to school on the Post-9/11 G.I. Bill put it this way a while back, as we discussed his job search: “I’m not sure I’ll ever be more than a soldier. But that doesn’t mean I can’t be something other than one.”

I love that sentiment, for a lot of reasons. One, it defies the stereotype that a lot of civilian America can have for the post-military journey, that we (as vets) are doing anything and everything possible to shed like snakeskin our past experiences. Sometimes that can be the case, I guess, but usually it’s the exact opposite: we’re looking for something where our past experiences can and will serve as an asset. We want to build, not tear down. And two, my friend’s words carry a real pride for his past experience as a soldier for Uncle Sam; it’s part of what made him the person he is today. Why would he not embrace that as he goes forward?

I somehow doubt all the second acts of this generation of vets will be as surreal and strange as Chamblin’s. Nor is this blip in the news cycle the entirety of Chamblin’s, not at all. But it was nice to see one of our own, one who’d played a part in one of the war’s public low points, being more than a vet. He was being a citizen, trying to do the right thing in the midst of a truly messed-up and bizarre situation.

No second acts in American lives? To hell with that. Fitzgerald needed to hang with more combat vets. 

libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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RAISING THE DEAD

A U.S. COMPANY IS ON THE BRINK OF BRINGING BACK THE DEAD. BUT IS IT A GOOD IDEA?
BY SEAN BRUCE

LOOK! It's moving. It's alive. It's alive... It's alive, it's moving, it's alive, it's alive, it's alive, it's alive, IT'S ALIVE!"

Dr. Frankenstein's famous line from the 1931 classic, "Frankenstein," is so often quoted and parodied that it has become a bit of a cliché. While the line doesn't appear in the original Mary Shelley text, the message is the same. Bad things happen when humans play God. Victor Frankenstein suffered for his curiosity; his experiments were a transgression on the natural order and he lost everyone he loved for his crime.

A modern take on reanimating the dead belongs to popular fare like "Walking Dead," "Z Nation," and "ReAnimator." We all know the story—a well-intentioned scientist invents a cure for a debilitating/life-threatening disease. Humans who receive the treatment become mindless zombies who go on to infect the rest of the populace. It's always a joyful romp for the surviving humans who usually devour each other before the zombies even get a chance. Still, the message is the same—science is dangerous and we should be careful mucking around with that which we don't understand.

Fans of the genre might just get the chance to see this scenario play out in real life.

Philadelphia-based Bioquark, a biotech company that specializes in regenerative therapies, has won approval to conduct experiments on "living cadavers" in an attempt to bring them out of heretofore irreversible comas. "Living cadaver" is a doctor's way of describing a patient whose brain function has ceased, but the rest of the body remains viable. The central nervous system of these patients no longer works and the bodies are kept alive on life support.

Despite eerie similarities, this isn't the first step towards the zombie apocalypse (we hope), but rather the first step in the "eventual reversal of death," according to Bioquark CEO Ira Pastor.

After severe damage to the brain stem, the central nervous system in humans no longer functions and has no way of repairing itself. The heart, lungs, and all the whirring and buzzing that your body usually does on its own no longer occur. This person is dead, albeit with living organs, ideal for transplantation. Pastor points out that while we lack the ability

to recover CNS function, there are "a range of non-human organisms [that] can repair, regenerate, and remodel substantial portions of their brain and brain stem even after critical, life-threatening trauma."

Using stem cells taken from the patient and a range of neurological stimulation techniques, Pastor and his team will attempt to mimic what is already possible in nature.

But don't get too excited just yet. The project is still in its early stages, currently seeking 20 "volunteers" to participate in the study. Early developments are expected to be small, but significant.

"We hope to see results within the first two-to-three months," states Pastor on Bioquark's ReAnima website. "A positive initial result being a functional, regenerative event upwards at the intersection of the upper spinal cord (the highest part still "alive" in a living cadaver subject) and the lowest region of the brain stem."

Of course, many folks are asking "What comes next?" after complete reanimation. While a full recovery in such patients is indeed a long term vision of ours and a possibility that we foresee with continued work along this path, it is not the core focus or primary end point of this first study—but it is, of course, a bridge to that eventuality," Pastor told Penthouse.

IN ADDITION TO THE "REVERSING DEATH" THEME THAT HAS EVERYONE EXCITED, THIS TYPE OF REGENERATION WORK REVIVES SOME ETHICAL ARGUMENTS.

This research is not without its critics—the prospect of bringing back the dead has some Christian authors and commentators worried. Documentarian Tom Horn has been researching and writing about transhumanism (the belief that technology will allow humans to transcend their natural limitations) for 20 years. He is particularly concerned with Pastor's question:

"What if the body had a reset button?"

But what if when we hit that button, we lose all of its previously stored information?

If the brain is damaged and the patient is clinically dead—what happens to his soul, if there is such a thing? If we regenerate the damaged brain, will the recovered person be the same as before? What happens to all the thoughts, memories, experiences, and feelings that were stored in the brain before it was damaged? Will they come back? Or will the person on the operating table return as a "changed" individual?

"These are the many questions philosophers and theologians have debated since the dawn of time, but in the Bible only mankind is described as having God's breath breathed into them at the moment of their creation," Horn said to World News Daily. "For conservative Christians, this should be a major point of debate regarding the 'ethics' of bringing people back from the dead."

Religious beliefs aside, there is a big unknown in regenerating brain activity. There is no certainty that the revived patient will be the same, that his brain will work the way it did before the injury.

One view is that we are a brain in a box—100 billion neurons and trillions of connections buzzing inside our skulls. Neuroscientists call this the "connectome-centric" view and it holds that if we were to remove our brains and somehow keep them alive, what we call our minds—, experiences, opinions, etc.—would all be preserved.

The ReAnima project is banking on this not being the case.

"Based on several factors, Bioquark is placing our bets that the human mind is much more than the 'connectome' and that memory will be a recoverable commodity over time," Pastor says.

He backs this statement by pointing again to nature, where animals with regenerated neurons can remember things previously learned.

In addition to the "reversing death" theme that has everyone excited, this type of regeneration work revives some ethical arguments. Chronic degenerative central nervous system conditions like Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, ALS, and Multiple Sclerosis as well as acute conditions like severe head trauma and spinal cord injury are all currently incurable conditions that could benefit from regenerative therapies, according to Pastor.

SURE, IMMORTALITY OR LONG-LASTING LIFE SOUNDS GREAT, BUT IMAGINE A WORLD WHERE SADDAM HUSSEIN OR HITLER IS ABLE TO LIVE FOREVER.

"In 2016, we have no cures for any of these horrific conditions despite the hundreds of billions of dollars we spend on traditional drug development every year.

Instead of modelling the program off of the traditional "single magic bullet" drug mindset that permeates the pharmaceutical industry, we are instead taking a multi-faceted approach combining biologic regenerative tools with other existing medical devices—all of which allows us to mimic what goes on in nature."

For some, there are other reasons

to be excited about this research.

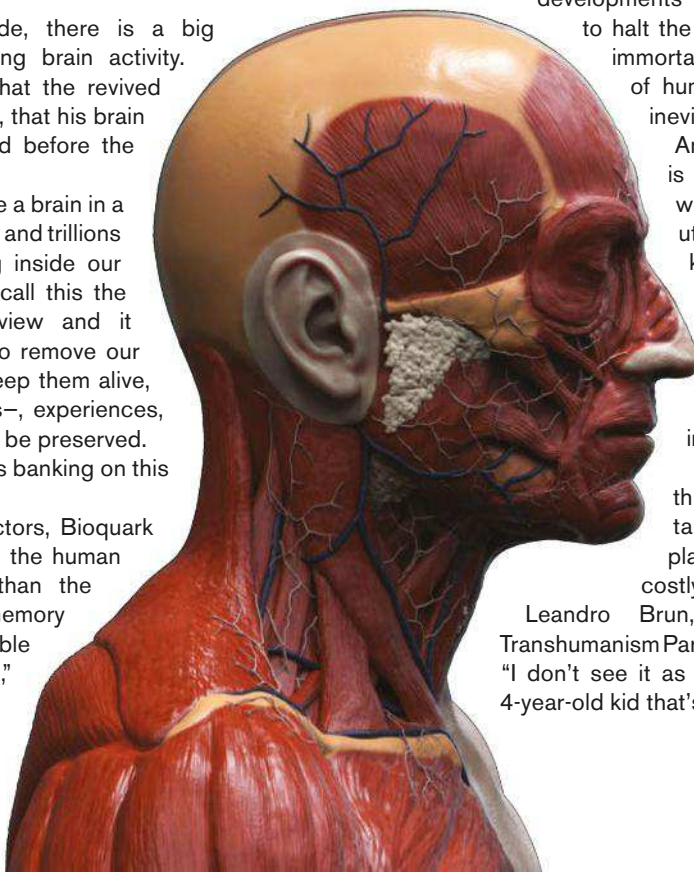
Reversing death could be the first step to eradicating it all together.

From alchemists looking for the elixir of life to recent developments in molecular biology that seek to halt the aging process, the holy grail of immortality has always been a pursuit of humans, desperate to prevent the inevitability of death.

And depending on who you are, this is either very exciting or incredibly worrying. Imagine a technological utopia, where disease no longer kills, aging is halted and death undone. Such is the world as envisioned by Transhumanists, who are unashamedly optimistic about the potential for science and technology to improve our lives.

The obvious risks are there—think again to Doctor Frankenstein: tamper with the laws of nature and play God; you may end up paying a costly price.

Leandro Brun, a member of Australia's Transhumanism Party, doesn't hold such reservations. "I don't see it as playing God; I see it as a little 4-year-old kid that's discovering how plants grow or



how butterflies or animals move for the very first time—it's an intellectual discovery."

Critics of transhumanism are not so optimistic. There are considerations to take into account before diving into the deep end. Who will control this technology? Who decides which deaths to reverse? If the wealthy elite are the only ones with access to life-extending technology—or if they're able to make themselves stronger or more intelligent—could this lead to even greater inequality between the "haves" and the "have-nots"? Sure, immortality or long-lasting life sounds great, but imagine a world where Saddam Hussein or Hitler were able to live forever. It's a Pandora's Box scenario that we must think through carefully—because once opened, there's no going back.

Brun remains optimistic that collaboration and an open source approach will keep those pesky billionaires in check and provide access to life-enhancing tech for all echelons of the pecking order.

"There's always going to be people profiteering and using [technology] for less than altruistic means," he says.

"We need to be responsible citizens and instead of censoring this information or monopolizing technology or an idea, I think that a proven solution is open communication, open source, and open data. As long as the information is out there, someone will go and build it."


Renowned bioethicist and Professor of Law and Medicine at McGill University, Margaret Somerville, does not share the same hopeful view of life-extending technology. In correspondence with Penthouse, Somerville criticized Transhumanists as being "blind to the risks and harms involved." She argues that a techno-utopian vision for the world is a danger to humanity.

"...not just at the physical level but also the metaphysical level," she says, "arm to our values, our sense of personal identity. We are all equal which likewise is not possible if we are designed—the designee is not equal to the designer."

The potential risk of increasing inequality and the inability of society to cope with "superhumans" outweigh any possible benefits that Transhumanists propose, Somerville argues.

"The dangers...range from injustice—the wealthy have access [that] the poor do not—to prolonging debility, to having institutions not designed for that reality—healthcare systems, retirement funds, young people unable to find work and so on—to having four generations willing and able to be in charge instead of one."

With research on reversing death already underway, we may have no choice but to face a reality where augmented humans are commonplace. Indeed, military scientists from the Defense Advanced Research Agency or DARPA, have declared genetically-engineered supersoldiers to be the vanguard of the next arms race. Cambridge gerontologist Aubrey de Grey controversially claimed that the first immortal humans have already been born.

At this point, with research already commencing on reversing death, the idea of superhumans, able to live for extended periods—or even forever—is slowly becoming a reality, whether we like it or not. 





TRYSEXUAL

BY GRANT STODDARD

WITH all due care and consideration, an attractive, blonde, 40-something woman slowly pushes a lubricated, gloved finger into my anus.

"Is that okay?" she asks.

"Um, yeah," I lie. "I think so."

"Just concentrate on your breathing," she says.

This is easier said than done when you feel like you're going to the bathroom in reverse, but I give it my best shot. *Breathe. In. Out. In. Out.*

I am a man approaching 40 years of age, which means that having a perfect stranger digitally probe my lower digestive tract is about to become an annual event. For the time being, however, this sort of thing is neither recommended by my physician nor covered by my health insurance. I'm here, in this rather small, humid, and dimly-lit apartment in New York's Lower East Side because I'm getting a prostate massage. But as the self-styled "Dr. Rylie" delves ever deeper into my rectum, I struggle to remember exactly why.

My journey to this moment began a few weeks earlier when I happened upon a series of high-quality porn clips that featured very drawn out, technical-looking penis massage. The practitioner's coconut-oil-slathered handiwork looked otherworldly, and I became intent on experiencing something similar for myself. It turns out that you can't conduct an internet

promising. In fact, I found a finger in the ass uncomfortable and off-putting. Perhaps that was because my good, giving, and game partners didn't know exactly what to do, and I didn't have the firsthand (or finger) experience to guide them. Maybe, I thought, a session with a knowledgeable professional would enable me to level up. With that potential in mind, I told Rylie that I was—ahem—all in.

It's still light out when I arrive at Rylie's apartment, which happens to be within walking distance of my own place. She greets me warmly, offers me a glass of water and a seat.

"I really have every kind of guy come to see me for this," she says, and lists clerics, construction workers, cab drivers, and captains of industry among her patrons. "Young, old, married, single, disabled, able-bodied. I've had thousands of clients, plenty of them regulars."

Rylie says that by seeing them regularly, she'd been able to help scores of clients with sexual problems including impotency, premature ejaculation, performance anxiety, or even a general loss of interest in sex.

"But nothing has to be wrong for this to be beneficial," she tells me while cueing up some soft music. "Improving your control and improving your orgasm should be reason enough to try it, right?"

I nod in agreement.

"AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN SLOWLY PUSHES A LUBRICATED, GLOVED FINGER INTO MY ANUS."

search for penis massages in New York City without Dr. Rylie's name coming up a hell of a lot. I emailed Rylie, of "R and R Intimate Remedies," with links to the clips that had so captured my imagination, and soon received a friendly response.

She said that while her services did include a penis massage similar to the one depicted in the clips I'd sent, she strongly recommended that I combine the experience with her "sacred spot prostate massage." Not only would this have health benefits and teach me how to separate orgasm from ejaculation, she said, but it would also result in a much more intense orgasm than is usually achieved by the penis massage alone.

For me, the word "prostate" had always been fraught with negative associations. The term was always either preceded by "enlarged" or followed by "cancer." But not too long ago, I began to gather that some men—including friends of mine—took full advantage of the "sacred spot" Rylie mentioned to lift their orgasms to an entirely new level. Always looking to squeeze a little more fun out of life, I'd invited several girlfriends to poke around back there when we were getting it on, but I never experienced anything like the intense orgasms that Rylie was

"Ready?" she asks, and invites me to strip naked. I do. She offers me a shower but I tell her I'd just taken one before the short walk to her place.

"Some guys come straight from work," she says.

"Say no more," I reply, and realize that I have never meant that sentiment more wholeheartedly than just now.

I hop onto a bed face down. Straddling my lower body, she rubs my back and butt for around five minutes. I ask her questions about her life and I'm surprised to learn that Rylie is a grandmother. She doesn't seem much older than I am.

Next Rylie asks me to turn over so that I am looking at the ceiling. She takes up a sitting position between my spread thighs. I want to be rocking an award-winning boner, but due to nerves and a little uncertainty, I instead have the turgidity of a jet-puffed marshmallow.

She reaches for some lubricant—a concoction that she devised herself and markets as "Monkey Milk"—and begins using it to stroke my penis, which eventually responds appropriately to the situation. All the while we chitchat. I keep asking questions, Rylie keeps offering candid answers. I learn



about her recent heart problems and promise to lend her a book I have about lifestyle changes that are purported to reverse heart disease. All the while she cradles my balls in one hand while stroking my penis until I'm harder than a roll of quarters. Her ministrations are not quite as ornate as those depicted in the video clips I'd sent her, but they are certainly effective.

"Tell me when you get close to orgasm," she says.

Within a minute or two I get close and tell her. She lets go and waits for my erection to subside slightly before she begins again. We go through about a half dozen of these stop-start cycles. Each time, she challenges me to try to get closer and closer to "the point of no return" before raising the flag, which I dutifully do.

Dr. Rylie then reaches for more Monkey Milk and, while continuing to hold my rock hard penis, slowly pushes the business end of a Louisville Slugger into my ass. At least, that's what it feels like. In actual fact, she's barely inserted the very tip of her finger. My penis immediately begins to deflate. The sensation makes me feel like I'm sitting on the toilet. I'm also worried that, despite my best efforts, my rectum might not be

Like many guys, I like the idea of producing elephantine quantities of jizz, but unlike the apparently many guys who come to Rylie, I'm finding it difficult to stay hard—let alone come—due to the wiggling obstruction in my lower bowel. I decide to dispense with the chitchat and get my head in the game. Eventually, I manage to get used to Rylie's finger, stay hard, and re-approach the point of no return.

"I'm going to come," I say.

"Just continue to breathe," says Rylie.

The eruption that soon follows is indeed a departure from the normal orgasms I experience. The novelty of the feeling causes a heightened state of awareness about what's going on in every part of my body. I feel it run up the back on my spine and fizzle on my scalp. It radiates through my limbs and I feel its waves in my extremities. In some aspects, it's more intense but the full body-ness of it seems to make it less sexual. When I eventually manage to open my eyes, I even notice that the volume of ejaculate is probably a little more than usual. But I wouldn't say it's more pleasurable. I think that the uncertainty

"THE ERUPTION THAT SOON FOLLOWS IS A DEPARTURE FROM THE NORMAL ORGASMS I EXPERIENCE."

entirely empty. I wonder if the good, giving, and game women who have invited me to put things in their butts are beset by similar worries. I feel for them like never before.

"Just relax," she says, and I do my utmost to obey.


Eventually Rylie manages to insert around an inch and a half of her index finger into my ass and starts rubbing in what feels like a "come hither" motion, the very same motion I use on the anterior wall of the vagina to elicit what are commonly called "G-spot" orgasms and, in some women, the ejaculation of fluid. Interestingly, a woman's Skene's Gland—the source of much of that ejaculate—is also referred to as the "female prostate." Studies have shown that the female ejaculate has a similar composition to the fluid generated in the male prostate gland. In men, this "prostatic fluid" makes about 25-30% of an ejaculation. With this factoid in mind, I ask Rylie if most guys come more with prostate massage.

"Yes," she says. "Bringing guys close several times and manipulating the prostate tends to increase the quantity."

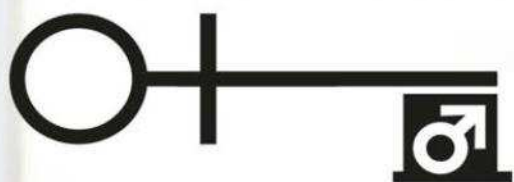
about what to expect may have impacted my enjoyment. Similarly, I didn't unreservedly enjoy the first piece of sashimi I put in my mouth. I had to get used to it before it became something I liked, then loved, then craved. I sure wanted it to be awesome though: both for me and for Rylie, who has scores of clients who credit her with saving their sex lives, and their marriages.

As she towels me off, Rylie asks what I thought about the experience. I tell her that I found it intense and novel, though not exactly mind-blowing. The wriggling finger was more distracting than stimulating.

"I could tell that you were holding back because you were thinking about it too much," she says as I gather my clothes and get dressed. "I think that you'd benefit from a couple more sessions now that you know what to expect."

There are certainly worse things in life to have to get used to. And if it meant attaining a truly transcendental orgasm, I'd be more than happy to give it one, two, or ten more attempts. 

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FORUM REJECTS



ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

THE BEST OF THE WORST FROM PENTHOUSE LETTERS

DEAR Penthouse,
It was a fairly boring party. I drifted in and out of about a half-dozen conversations: shit I've heard before and shit I will undoubtedly hear about again. Current events, jobs, the weather, mass-transit delays...the usual fare of chit-chat and small talk. Then, a tall, leggy redhead struck up a conversation with me and said the magic word: "sex." My brain popped back into gear and I started listening. And gleefully, the word "sex" had been preceded by the word "safe." She was expounding that anyone with a little imagination could still enjoy a casual encounter. The trick was to be safe. Safe, responsible sex was a fun way that two consenting adults could get to know each other, have fun, and pass the time.

I must admit that I was into the idea. I hadn't had any encounters, casual or otherwise, in far too long. She had me... and I hoped that tonight would be our encounter. "Would you like a refill?" I asked, motioning to her drink. She did.

Tracy and I were flirting away, but her girlfriends came by and asked if she wanted to leave. "Oh, Steve is going to take me home," she said while pointing at me. "You guys can go without me." Damn! That was an interesting way to let me know I was in! My dick responded immediately with an excited little wiggle. I grabbed my coat and was ready to go.

The cab ride home was interesting. Tracy and I made out a little, and she whispered that she had something special in mind for me. When we got to her apartment, Tracy excused herself to the bedroom and changed. I sat and waited. When she returned she was topless, wearing only a red thong. She looked fantastic. She was pale and curvy with faint freckles dotting her cleavage. Her tits were natural D-cups and her nipples were light pink...almost the color of her fair skin. And that thong hugged her body so well, perfectly highlighting her curvy frame. I was speechless. "I have something for you to wear," she said. "Put these on." It caught me by surprise.

Tracy handed me what appeared to be a pair of panties and fishnet nylons. I looked at her quizzically and she repeated, "Put

them on." Thinking I had nothing to lose, I went into the bathroom and tried to make heads or tails of the foreign objects in my hands. Two black fishnet stocking-type things and black panties that appeared to have three leg holes. I put on the underwear first and my dick popped out of the center hole. I guess they were crotchless panties. Three leg holes? Idiot. I put on the fishnets next, and looked and felt completely ridiculous. My leg hair made everything worse.

I felt like a total asshole. I was practically limp. The sexual tension and excitement just zapped from the situation. I sheepishly made my way out of the bathroom. "You look so pretty," Tracy cooed with a smile. It did nothing for me, but I kept my mouth shut. Tracy made her way to the bed, slid her fingers under her red thong and started to play with herself. Okay. Things were starting to look up. I walked toward her and asked if she needed my help. In my mind, this was a rhetorical question. "Oh no. We are keeping our hands to ourselves," she replied as she buried two of her fingers deep into her wet pussy.

As Tracy continued to get herself off, she moaned that she wanted me to stand at the foot of the bed and watch. Normally, I would consider watching a beautiful woman masturbate to be an amazing moment, however, I was more bewildered. I tried to get my little guy going, but whenever I felt it start to get hard, I would look down at the poor fellow and see him popping out from the black lacy underthings he did not belong in.

Eventually, Tracy moaned as she brought herself to orgasm, and collapsed in a beautiful, shuddering heap. Clearly, she had gotten what she needed out of me, and I certainly had enough of this nonsense as well. I gave her a peck on the cheek, dressed as quickly as I could, and left her apartment. I'll never forget you," she called as the door shut behind me.

I am writing Penthouse to warn its readers. If you are ever in NYC and meet a stunning redhead who likes to spout about safe sex... run! This woman is a total fruitcake and you should just avoid her dumb sex games. Thank you in advance for publishing this warning.

-Steve aka Not Pretty in New York City

“
WHEN SHE RETURNED SHE
WAS TOPLESS, WEARING
ONLY A RED THONG. SHE
LOOKED FANTASTIC. HER
TITS WERE NATURAL
D-CUPS AND HER NIPPLES
WERE LIGHT PINK.
”



SISTER WIVES

Always the advocate for fairness and balance, we decided to show the softer, more thoughtful side of Mormon tradition. Turns out that Joseph Smith was onto something with this whole tolerating polygamy thing. Yeah...he was onto something really sweet. Adria Rae and Salena Storm bravely don their Sunday best-all in the name of good journalism.

Photography: Tammy Sands























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VIRGINIA IS FOR LOVERS

THE summer after I graduated high school, I went to visit to my “Uncle” Carl in Virginia for two months. He owned a brokerage firm and, having no children of his own, wanted to introduce me to the business with the hope of having me work for him. Uncle Carl was one of my stepdad’s best friends—his fraternity brother from their college days. And while Don, my stepdad, met my mother, settled down, and mellowed out, Uncle Carl’s visits were a welcome reminder of their wilder days. Carl was awesome.

A few days after arriving at his condo, I noticed Carl’s next-door neighbor Karen. Actually, It would have been near impossible for me to not notice Karen. She was a stunning blonde in her early 20s,

about five feet eight inches tall, with natural, melon-size tits, long legs, and a round ass that looked like she started each morning with an impossible amount of squats. Karen spent most of her afternoons sunning herself by the pool.

So I kinda developed a routine based on Karen’s pool habit. I would sit on Carl’s second-story balcony and would masturbate while watching this goddess tan and swim. I watched as she brushed her long blonde hair and tied it into a ponytail. I watched the luscious cheeks of her bare ass hugging the thin material of her oh-so-tiny bikini bottom as it left little to my imagination. I watched the rivulets of sweat traveling down her spine, and wished I could bend down and lick them off her tanned skin.

One lazy weekend afternoon, I sat and watched her taking the sun while lying on her back. Per my usual, I had my cock out

and was stroking off while she seemingly endlessly rubbed moisturizer onto her long, perfect legs. I closed my eyes and let my mind wander as she played a starring role in my fantasy of the moment.

“Mmm, yeah!” I heard her squeal. Her voice brought me back to reality, and when I opened my eyes and looked down, I was shocked to find her looking up at me with a dimpled smile, her sunglasses tilted up on her forehead. I stood there, momentarily frozen with my cock still in my hand, and watched helplessly as she coyly licked her fingers while looking me straight in the eye. I slowly backed off the balcony and into my room, too shamed, embarrassed, and confused to say a word. A few moments later, there was a knock on the door. It was Karen.

Smiling at me as though nothing unusual had happened between us, she asked me if I would help her move a few pieces



“
**I WATCHED MY
DICK DISAPPEAR
INTO HER WARM,
SLIPPERY SNATCH.**
”

of furniture in her living room. I nervously followed her to her place, past the living room and up to her bedroom. There she turned to me, smiled again, and said, “I watched you today. I watch you watch me almost every day.” She lifted her sheer summer dress over her head and stood before me completely naked. My cock felt as though it was about to burst through my jeans. “Well?” she purred.

I quickly removed my clothes, and practically tackled her onto the bed. My voice shook as I told her I thought she was beautiful...and I confessed that I had never done anything like this before, finally managing to squeak, “I’m...um...a virgin.” This seemed to please her. She knelt up on all fours and, with her ass in the air she ordered, “Lick me!”

I moved behind her, buried my face between her ass cheeks, and started to lick her like a hungry dog. Soon I felt her start to shake...then get all stiff...and then spasm three times before collapsing face first into the bed. “Mmmm, that felt sooo good!” she panted. “Now put your little virgin dick inside me!”

For the record, I believe my dick to be of average size, but I wasn’t trying to correct her. I was about to get laid! I nervously mounted her while she was still lying on her stomach, and rubbed the length of my cock up and down her ass crack. She reached back, grabbed my cock and angled it against her dripping pussy. She slowly pushed back onto it, and my stomach dropped as I watched my dick disappear into her warm, slippery snatch. I remember thinking that I had died and gone to heaven.

The heated tightness of her slick vaginal walls felt like nothing I had ever known before. “Harder!” she demanded. “Fuck me

harder!” So I grabbed onto her hips and really got into it, fucking her as hard as I could until I couldn’t hold out any longer. My cum spurted deep inside of her, but I didn’t stop fucking her. I wouldn’t stop. I didn’t want this moment to end. My balls were slapping loudly against her pussy as I continued to fuck her, and it seemed to really turn her on. She moaned loudly and arched her ass back. She squeezed her cunt around my cock and told me she was about to cum. I fucked her hard with long, lunging strokes as she bucked back against me. It was amazing. The feel of her velvety hole sliding along the length of my pulsating cock. Her inner muscles contracted and released around it. I was going to cum a second time. Looking down, I saw how the pink lips of her dilated pussy pulled outward each time my dick withdrew, and then seemed to devour my whole length each time I thrust back into her. And the way she screamed in ecstasy for me to fuck

her harder and harder and harder as she screamed.

The excitement drove me crazy. I closed my eyes for a moment and concentrated so I could last longer, but I couldn’t hold back. My sperm boiled up again and flooded the depths of her womb as she skewered her buttocks back against me. Every inch of her body tensed and began to jerk and quiver like a string being plucked on a banjo. Her climax broke with these waves of pleasure...her juices flooding out around my now limp dick. She was still trembling violently as my cock slipped from her sperm-drenched pussy.

Karen and I continued with our secret rendezvous every chance we got. I returned home at the end of the summer with a newfound confidence. I didn’t go to work for Uncle Carl, and I never saw Karen again, but I’ll always be grateful to her for making me a man.

—K.C., Frederick, MD





DIRTY JERSEY

MY wife Sharon and I have been married for over 20 years, and for the last five of those years, we have been experimenting with the swinger lifestyle. At first we joined websites and found other couples, but as things evolved, we found that what turned on both of us the most was sharing Sharon with another man. Our preference was finding men who had not previously been swingers. They were more excited, and they weren't jaded. Eventually Sharon and I abandoned the websites altogether, and we concentrated on picking up men in bars and other places.

About a month ago, Sharon and I decided to pay a visit to a local, North Jersey strip club. This place has a reputation for being one of those "anything goes" types of clubs. There was a big crowd that night, and it took us a while to find a place to sit. Sharon was dressed very provocatively in a short, black spandex dress and black thigh-high boots. She looked amazing. She is 5'2" and 110 pounds, with great curves and an eye-catching set of boobs. Although she is 42 years old, she keeps herself in great shape and could easily pass for 10 years younger.

We had gotten to this club late in the evening on purpose, thinking that our chances increased as many of the customers had been drinking and staring at strippers all night. We finally found a table near the main stage, and Sharon immediately started looking around for a cute guy to flirt with. It didn't take long before she made eye contact with a tall black guy who appeared to be in his late 20s.

After silently flirting with him for a few minutes, Sharon smiled at me and said she was going to the restroom. She strutted right by his table, brushing his shoulder with her fingers as she passed. I saw him follow her with his eyes. He quickly stood up and sort of jog-walked up behind her.

When Sharon returned to our table, she told me that the man had approached her as she was coming out of the ladies' room and introduced himself as Quincy. She giggled

and said he asked if she was a stripper and, on a crazy impulse, she said yes but explained that this was her night off. She told me that he wanted a lap dance, and asked if she would give him one. Sharon told him that it would cost extra because she would have to pay one of the other dancers to look out for her. Quincy was fine with that and went to find the ATM to get some cash.

Sharon arranged for one of the dancers to keep watch for \$100, and when Quincy returned, she led him right into the VIP area. I discreetly followed them in there to watch. Quincy sat on a long couch against one wall, and Sharon started to dance for him. As she gyrated and moved her hips, her dress rode up, revealing her flawless ass and her shaved pussy. Quincy reached out to touch her as she climbed onto his lap and began to grind on him.

I could tell she was getting really worked up by the way she was moving. When she started to undo his belt and open his pants, I hoped that the girl Sharon paid as her lookout was doing her job or my wife was

going to get us thrown out of there for good. But Sharon didn't seem worried. She pulled Quincy's cock out and started sucking it like crazy.

I was so turned on that I couldn't help myself. I walked up to the couch, unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock. It was a bold move, but Quincy didn't seem to mind. Sharon motioned for me to sit on the couch next to him and started sucking my dick, then his, then mine again, alternating

between us for a good 10 minutes. She then stood up, grabbed Quincy's stiff cock and straddled him. Guiding his pole into her wet pussy, Sharon sank down on it, taking it deep inside her. She was fucking him right there in the strip club!

I moved up behind her while stroking my cock that was still slick from her mouth, and pushed her down against Quincy so that her tits were grazing his chest. Sharon went wild when she felt my hand pressed against her back. She moaned and screamed so loudly that I was worried we would get caught. "Oh Christ yes! Fuck me!" she screamed. It was a scene right out of a movie. She squeezed Quincy hard wrapping her arms and legs around him as she came. Quincy pumped into Sharon frenetically, pounding her tiny frame as he came inside of her, and my knees buckled as I shot my load onto the carpeted floor of the VIP area.

It was a wild night, but it was only one of our typical adventures in swinging. If you print this letter, I promise I will tell you about others.

—M.L., Newark, NJ

“
**SHARON DIDN'T SEEM
WORRIED. SHE
PULLED QUINCY'S
COCK OUT AND
STARTED SUCKING IT
LIKE CRAZY.**
”



ROOM SERVICE

AS I approached 40, I would fantasize about having sex with just about every young woman I saw. Don't get me wrong—I am a happily married man, but my desire to bed-down a younger girl had recently gone through the roof. It got to the point where it didn't even matter if I found her attractive. If I saw just about any 20-something female, I would just go crazy with lust.

About a week before my birthday, I had to go out of town on business. My wife Amy, who was all-too-aware of my growing "condition," secretly planned to hire a stripper to come to my hotel room and put on a show (God bless you, Amy). Thinking this would embarrass the hell out of me (or at least get me over my obsession), Amy put her secret plan into action.

The stripper, Kira, was a beautiful Asian girl with dark straight hair down to her ass. She was about 5'5", had milky-white skin, and perky little tits. She said she was 24, but she looked younger. She came to my room posing as a maid, and asked if I needed turn down service. She walked into my room and sat on the edge of the bed. "Amy tells me you've been a dirty boy," she said. "I think I need to clean you up." Without taking her eyes off me, she unbuttoned the top of her black-and-white maid uniform and revealed her breasts. I just stood there and stared, with my mouth agape like one of those old-timey cartoon characters.

She stood up and slid her shirt off her shoulders, dropping it to the floor. She

walked over to me, unbuttoned my shirt and gently took it off. I stood there stunned. I had no idea what was going on, but I was hard as a rock!

This hot young thing sat back down on the corner of the bed, undid my zipper, then my belt, and pulled my pants and my briefs down. With her hands on my ass, she pulled me to her and flicked the head of my dick with her tongue. Then she took it in her mouth slowly, seeming to know exactly what I wanted. My dick isn't small, but she took the entire thing into her incredibly warm and soft mouth.

Kira started to bob her head back and forth, pulling me completely out of her mouth, then sliding me back down her throat. Just watching her was enough to take me to the edge. Every time she took my cock down her throat I thought I would explode. I knew I couldn't last much longer,

so I placed my hands on the back of her head and buried my cock in deep her mouth. She held me there gulping and sucking deeply as I started to spurt. It was an incredible sensation, as if she didn't even have to make an effort to swallow. My cum just slid down her throat.

When I finished, she started gently licking and kissing me to make sure she got every drop. She must have spent at least 10 more minutes at it. Finally she pulled my dick out of her mouth and kissed it on the head. Then, she put her shirt on and walked to the door. I followed her in a daze, not knowing what to say or do. As she said good-bye, she kissed me on the lips and told that me she was a birthday gift from my wife.

When I got home, Amy asked me if her little gift had gotten me over my obsession with younger women. It hadn't.

—C.Y., Biloxi, MS

“

**THIS HOT YOUNG
THING UNDID MY
ZIPPER, THEN MY
BELT, AND PULLED MY
PANTS AND MY
BRIEFS DOWN.**

”



PETTING ZOO

BY SAM PHILLIPS



CELESTE STAR

June 1993 Pet of the Month Sam Phillips catches up with Celeste Star, our Pet from July 2005.

6 THINGS I FOUND OUT ABOUT CELESTE:

1. "I can ride a unicycle! I once rode a 6-foot unicycle in my hometown's parade."
2. "I can list all 50 states alphabetically in less than 20 seconds."
3. "I can't cook for the life of me, and I'm infamous for burning toast. I once went through six slices before getting it right."
4. "I am one of the most accomplished Mario Kart players in the world... although there's no official documentation."
5. "I can perfectly sing and rap the theme song to 'The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air.'"
6. "I once personally replaced my broken iPhone screen, successfully. Requires a teenie-tiny screwdriver for teenie-tiny screws."



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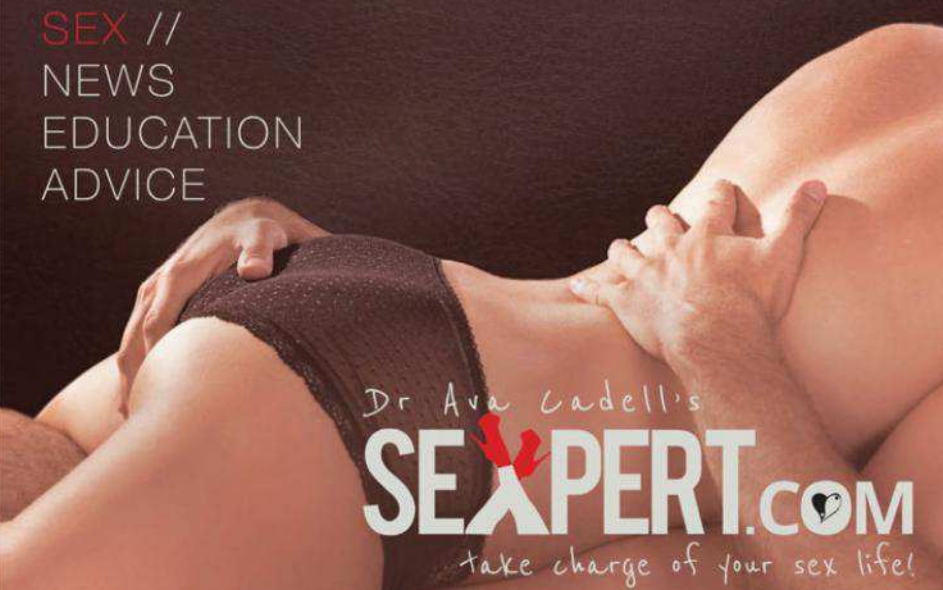
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ANGRY BEAVERS

BY DAVE CARNIE

I OFTEN marvel at what embarrasses me. There's not much, because I've wandered around Australia in a woman's dress, oiled down a nude man on TV, publicly shit myself in adult diapers, and tested enemas in front of thousands, but for some reason the first time I bought Preparation-H at the grocery store was a very humbling experience. I had hemorrhoids and they were absolutely frightening. I was so embarrassed that I bought a pile of tangelos, an artichoke, and a bottle of water to camouflage the Preparation-H on the conveyor belt. I'd never bought a tangelo in my life.

But when I'm scared of something, or when I'm forced to deal with a sensitive issue, my coping mechanism is to confront the issue head-on and share it with everyone I know. I go public. Sharing seems to sort of dissipate the unpleasantness. So not long after I bought the Preparation-H, I wrote a press release about my hemorrhoids and distributed it among my colleagues. It worked: I felt much better about my hemorrhoids and my friends appreciated the candid disclosure of my condition because thereafter I sort of became the village ass doctor. Ever since I came out about my bloody anus, about once a

bloody and stuff?

Pete: Yeah.

Dave: Yeah, it freaked me out when I first got them, too. But I've since learned they're just hemorrhoids.

Pete: So how do you get rid of them?

Dave: You don't. You're stuck with them. Basically all you can do is put cream on it to stop the itching and hope they go away. Or you can just stop shitting. Or stop eating, so you don't shit anymore. Because that's what causes them, just stressing out your asshole.

Pete: What, they don't go away?

Dave: Well you can go to a doctor and have them cut them out, or burn 'em out, or whatever the fuck they do. My friend Lisa had 'em really bad and she'd have to go to the doctor all the time to have them carved out. She had to quit her job because of them actually. I mean, mine have been bad at times, but not bad enough to go bend over in front of a doctor and have him carve up my asshole.

I should pause right here to note that this is probably the grossest conversation I've ever had with another human being.

"THIS IS PROBABLY THE GROSSEST CONVERSATION I'VE EVER HAD WITH ANOTHER HUMAN BEING."

year someone I know discreetly asks for my advice on how they should service their undercarriage. My friend Pete, for instance, became my most recent patient when he called me from Texas.

"Dave, can I ask you a question?" Pete asked timidly, "What are hemorrhoids?"

I admit that I burst out laughing at first, but then I realized he was serious and that I should be a little more sensitive. Below is the transcript of our conversation.

Dave: Why?

Pete: Well, because I think I've got 'em, but I'm not sure. So Hayley [Pete's wife] said, "Dave's got 'em, why don't you call him?"

Dave: That's funny. But, yeah, it's true, I have hemorrhoids. In fact I had a flareup this morning. They fucking suck. But, uh, what are they? Well, basically they're like your anus veins get blown out from shitting, pooping, crapping, farting, whatever—but the way I've always described them is that they're like a bunch of grapes hanging out of your asshole with a gang of angry beavers chewing on them.

Pete: Yeah! Yeah, that's totally what it is! So it's not cancer?

Dave: No. If it's itching and burning, it sounds like you got hemorrhoids.

Pete: Good, because I've had this for like two months and I thought I had ass cancer.

Dave: No, you don't have ass cancer. Was your butt all


I have a problem with pacing around the house when I'm on the phone and this hemorrhoid conversation made my pacing all the more fervent. Thus, Tania, my wife, had nowhere to hide in the house and was forced to listen to the whole thing. She was only hearing my side, though, which she later reported sounded like, "Hemorrhoids, anus veins, angry beavers, grapes, ass cancer, bloody buttholes, athlete's foot, crotch rot." It's no wonder she interrupted me.

"Crotch rot?" she exclaimed with a disgusted look. "Who the fuck are you talking to?"

"I'm talking to Pete," I whispered, covering the phone. "He has hemorrhoids."

"Gross," she said shaking her head.

It was about this point that I told him besides going to the doctor, there's really nothing you can do about hemorrhoids except maintenance. You're stuck with them. Buy some hydrocortisone anti-itch cream. Despite what I said earlier, don't buy Preparation-H because it has shark oil in it and it stinks—you already got angry beavers back there, no need to add sharks. Sitting in a hot bath also seems to calm the rodents a little bit. Other than that, stop shitting.

I wished Pete luck with his hemorrhoids and said that if he, or any of his friends, needed any ass support to go ahead and give me a call. Because it's not a matter of "if" you're going to get hemorrhoids, it's a matter of "when." 

JANELLE VARGA

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